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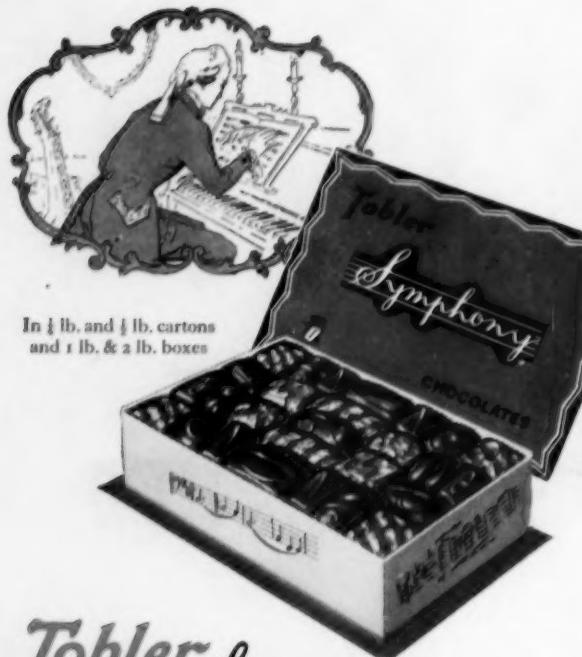
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LORD ELTON OF HEADINGTON was educated at Rugby (where he was head of the School) and Balliol College, Oxford. Served in Mesopotamia during the first World War and was taken prisoner in 1916. For twenty years between the wars he taught Modern History at Queen's College, Oxford, and is still a Fellow of the College. A wider audience will remember his broadcast talks, "It occurs to me." In print he has been versifier, historian, essayist, biographer. Active in various good causes, national and local. Lives at Adderbury, near Banbury.

"My Daily Mail" by LORD ELTON

WITH ME THE DAILY MAIL, like roast mutton and the works of Charles Dickens, has been an acquired taste, for my father, a militant Liberal, barred it from the house, and as a juvenile highbrow I viewed those of my contemporaries who took it in with feelings of amused superiority. But I have read and enjoyed it for many years now, so that to analyse its merits is faintly embarrassing, as it would be to explain one's liking for an old family friend whose features one has long learned to take for granted.

The quality of the Mail's leading articles seems to me remarkable. Few indeed since William Cobbett have been the writers able to convey common sense on political and economic subjects both lucidly and entertainingly to the man in the street, but the Daily Mail

certainly seems to have acquired the art. Nor does it hesitate to talk common sense at moments when common sense is not likely to be popular. Then there is the long-suffering and much-travelled Flook (whose daily saga I have often had to clip and store for an absent member of the household) and Lane Norcott and Collie Knox, who is so vastly more entertaining than the radio and T.V. performances on which he comments.

But the general character of the paper, as of a human friend, matters more than its particular features. And the Mail is sensible. It is tolerant. It is lively without being sensational. And above all it sets a sorely needed example of decency; if ever a popular newspaper bans every reference to the divorces of film stars it will, I believe, be the Daily Mail."

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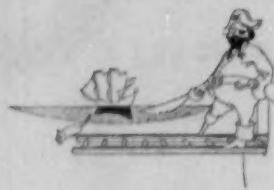
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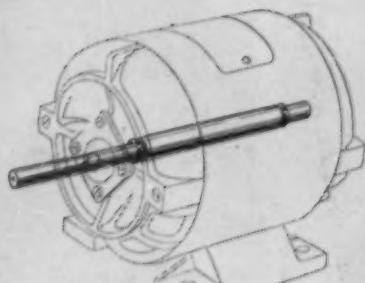
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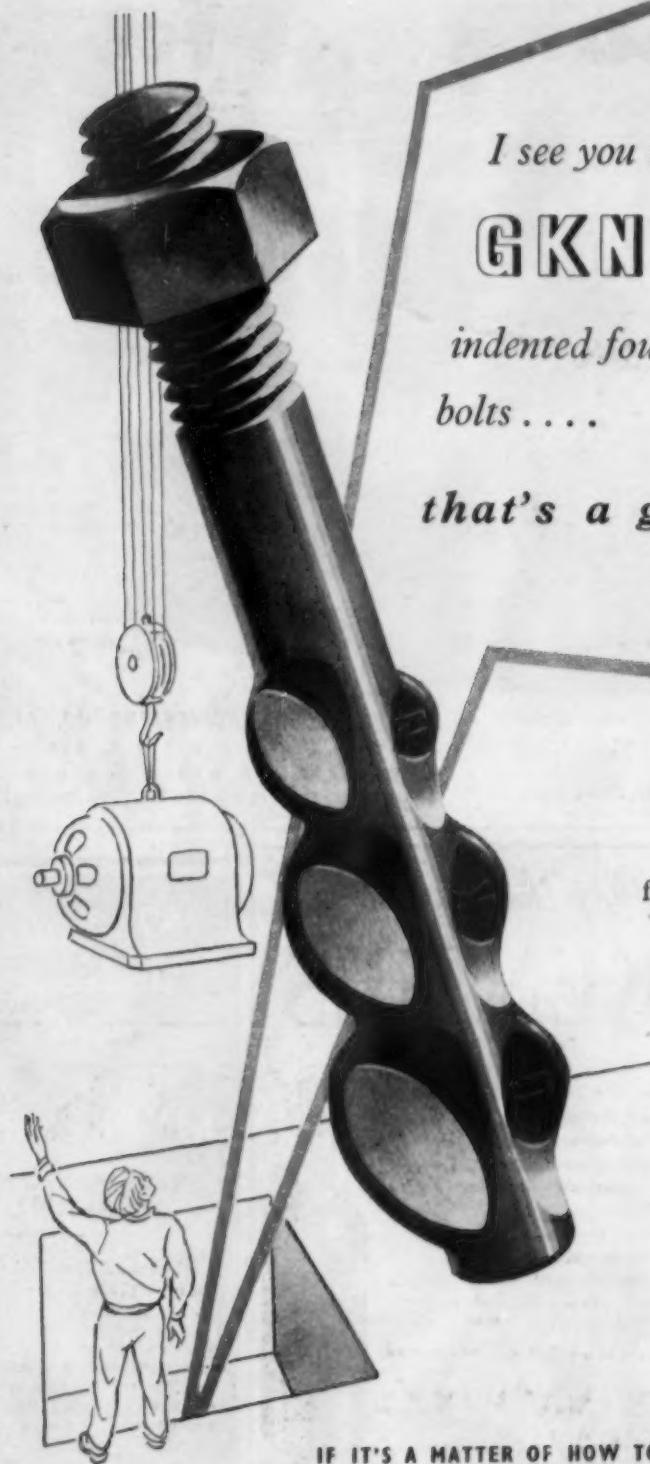
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5½ inches long,
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the job with SIMONIZ — or
BODYGLAZE, if you prefer a self-
polishing liquid wax.

Before you polish this time — use
SIMONIZ KLEENER

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Now, don't put on that pathetic look. It's bath-time and there is no getting out of it. Anyway, just think how fresh you'll feel afterwards and how smart your coat will look! You never grumble like

this when it's Bob Martin time . . . and yet Bob Martin's are only to keep you fit and healthy. I suppose it's because they taste so good . . . I wish I knew how to make your bath an inviting



Give him
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The rule is 'One Bob Martin's once a day.' Bob Martin's Condition Tablets contain vitamins A, B₁, B₂ and D, together with dried whole natural liver. Obtainable from chemists, pet shops and seedsmen.

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**Rotary Action
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Most shaving methods don't take into account the vital fact that the hairs on your face grow in all directions. But the 'Philishave's' Rotary Action does!

Because the high-speed blades of the 'Philishave' *rotate*, they shave all the hairs, whatever their length and whichever way they grow. That means a *smoother* shave. And because the shaving head's raised rim gently stretches the skin so that the hairs stand upright, each one is removed at skin-level. That means a *closer* shave. There's no pulling at the hairs, either, no tearing, "nicking", or biting.

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Snorkel tube reaches down, fills pen, retracts! No dismantling. No more nib and barrel wiping.

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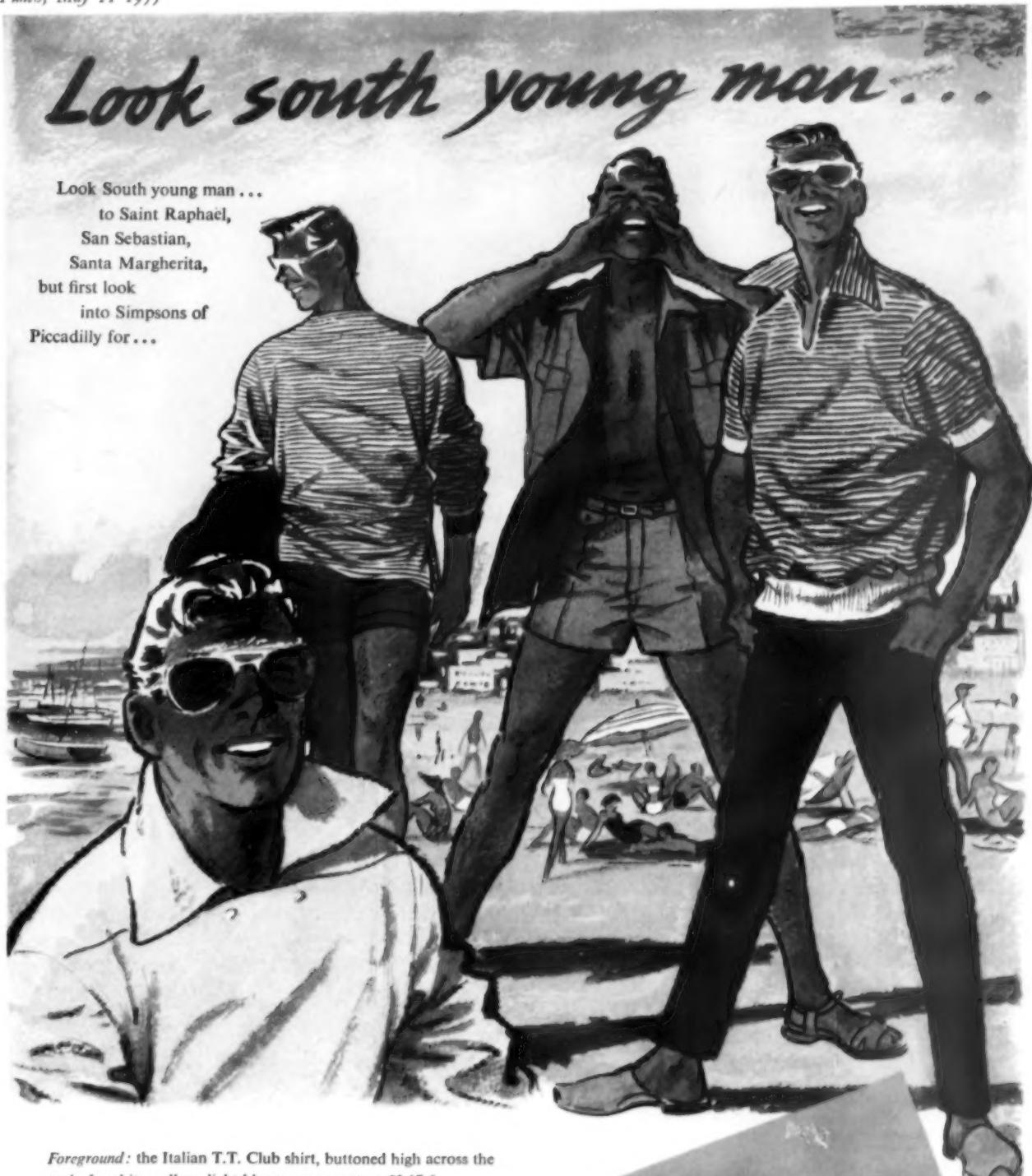
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Look South young man...
to Saint Raphaël,
San Sebastian,
Santa Margherita,
but first look
into Simpsons of
Piccadilly for...



Foreground: the Italian T.T. Club shirt, buttoned high across the neck. In white, yellow, light blue or navy cotton. £3.17.6

Left: slash neck lisle shirt with butcher-blue/white or navy/white horizontal stripes. £1.17.6. Jantzen rayon whipcord shorts, in navy, beige, brown, sail red, green or white. £2.15.0

Centre: cool, crisp linen shirt and shorts. Shirt in white, navy, green, light blue, natural or light grey. £2.19.6. Shorts in navy, natural, light grey or white. £3.3.0. Natural calf sandals. £3.5.0.

Right: pullover shirt in horizontal ribbed cotton. Stripes of black/white, blue/white, red/white or green/white. £3.15.0. Black denim jeans. £1.5.0. Stub-toe sandals. £3.17.6.



Men's Beachwear—ground floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002

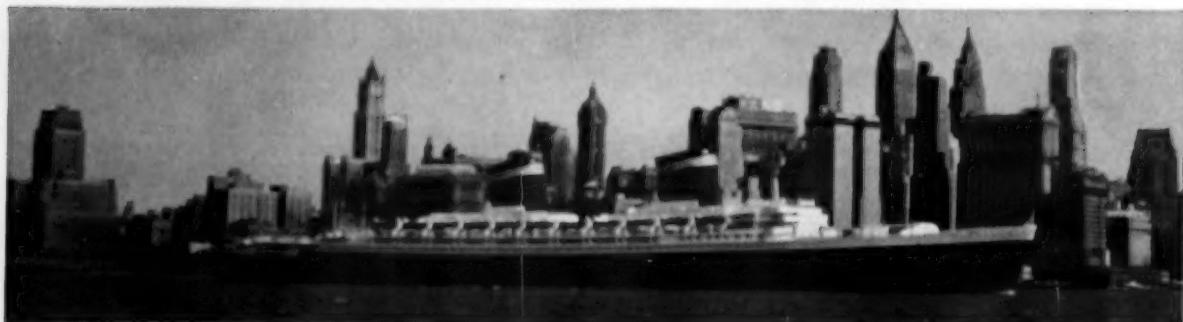


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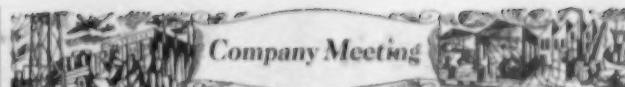
Just like rope. And twine and hessian and scrim. All these are made of jute. Jute backs your lino and your carpets. Jute lines your shoes and shapes the shoulders of your suit.

What amazing stuff is jute. How unromantic and how unregarded. But how very vital! For always, everywhere, jute is at its necessary task. All praise to jute!



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**THE BRUSH GROUP LIMITED***A Year of Progress***Sir Ronald W. Matthews on meeting Foreign Competition**

The 66th Annual General Meeting of The Brush Group Limited will be held on May 19 at the Abercorn Rooms, Liverpool Street, London, E.C.2.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Sir Ronald W. Matthews, D.I., M.Inst.T., which has been circulated with the report and accounts:

The Consolidated Profit and Loss Account of the Group shows that the year ended 31st December, 1954, was one in which appreciable progress was made. The gross trading profit before deduction of depreciation, taxation and other charges is £2,455,423, an increase of £298,563. The net profit before provisions for taxation is £1,231,576 compared with a net profit for 1953 of £884,231. After providing for taxation, the net profit for the year is £530,032 compared with £322,230 for 1953.

After making adjustments arising from releases from taxation provisions of previous years and deducting that proportion of subsidiaries' profits attributable to outside Shareholders, the net profit attributable to The Brush Group Limited is £537,991 compared with £404,078 in 1953. The Board recommends a final dividend of 7 per cent., making, with the interim dividend of 3 per cent. already paid, a total of 10 per cent. for the year compared with 6 per cent. for 1953. The transfer to General Reserve is £334,596 and the Reserve now stands at the figure of £1,650,000.

The Balance Sheet reflects the improvement in the general financial position of the Company. Stocks at £9,763,000 are down by over £700,000 and when this figure is compared with the stocks at the end of 1952 it shows a reduction of almost £2½ million. On the liability side you will observe that the total current liabilities and provisions are down by approximately £500,000 and down by almost £2 million when compared with the figures at the end of 1952. Our overdraft is lower by almost £800,000 and over the last two years shows a reduction of approximately £1,300,000.

PRICES AND FOREIGN COMPETITION

Output in 1954 was a record in the case of two of the Group factories. In the others the output fell below the level of recent years, and under the present difficulties of international trade the fact that the Group profit was increased reflects great credit on all concerned.

You will appreciate that as our business lies largely in highly competitive overseas markets, prices in many cases have had to be reduced in spite of rising costs of labour and materials, and the increased profit is a tribute to the efficiency with which our manufacturing resources have been employed.

Our order book at the end of 1954 stood at a figure closely approximating to 12 months' production and was thus lower than it has been in past years, although we are now enabled to quote and to maintain quicker deliveries of many of our products than was formerly possible. Whilst we have achieved considerable success in 1954 in meeting foreign competition, we are faced in the present year with a substantial increase in our costs as a result of the rises in prices of raw materials such as steel and copper, and the wages award announced on March 14th, which is already being reflected in the current quotations from our suppliers. These costs must be met by increased efficiency and productivity in our factories, but some rise in our prices, both in the home and overseas markets, appears inevitable, even in the face of unrelenting competition from foreign manufacturers.

Having dealt at length with the widespread manufacturing activities, the statement continues:

SALES

As I have already mentioned the Group met intense competition during the year both from home and foreign manufacturers, which necessitated the closest attention to price levels as well as to further improvements in manufacture and design. Overseas countries continue to expect extended terms of credit, but one of our main problems has been to try to overcome some of the licence and currency difficulties which are at present hampering trade between Britain and other countries, notably in Latin America.

Despite these problems, the order intake has been reasonably good; the high quality of our products makes them readily acceptable to customers.

Since the end of the war there has been a continuing urge towards developing backward areas and the Group has been able to offer its manufacturing facilities and experience for a number of projects. In addition to our traditional markets the sales force has penetrated new fields including certain Continental countries which are themselves exporters of Diesel engines.

What the future holds for the world at large no man can foretell. The removal of the causes of discontent and the raising of living standards everywhere are the greatest safeguard for a peaceful future. Organizations such as ours have a vital part to play in such developments and I am proud to think that The Brush Group is making and will continue to make a major contribution to this essential work. We are to-day a well-knit soundly based organization, confident in our ability to serve our customers in every quarter of the globe.

ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY!

New BP Super is platinum-processed

The petrol with
more energy per gallon

IT IS ONLY a few months since The British Petroleum Company introduced BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil — the biggest advance ever made in car lubrication. Now, from this same company, comes a remarkable development in motor spirit, the new BP Super.

This new petrol is the result of a revolutionary new process. Petroleum experts have described this as 'the greatest technical advance since the introduction of catalytic cracking some 15 years previously.' In this process, the spirit is passed through a *catalyst impregnated with pure platinum. The effect is to re-form the petroleum molecules so that the petrol burns more smoothly, gives greater freedom from engine-knock — and has more energy per gallon.

What this means to you

New BP Super gives an immediate 'fillip' to your car's performance. And that's not all. Just see what you're going to get when you run on this platinum-processed motor spirit:—

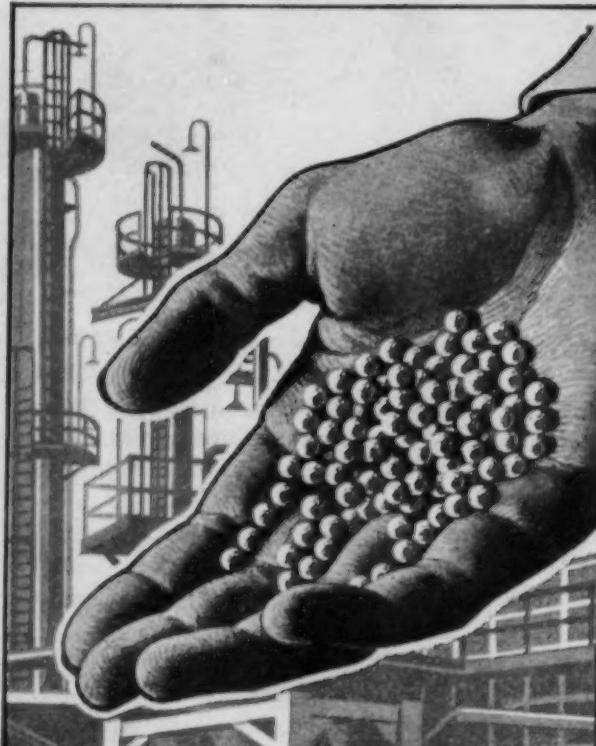
More energy per gallon
Smoother, swifter acceleration
Greater freedom from engine-knock
More miles per gallon
Less engine deposits
Longer engine life

New BP Super suits *all* cars—whether the engine is new or old, o.h.v. or side-valve, high or low-compression. Indeed, because it will suit higher-than-ever compression ratios, new BP Super opens the way

to further progress in engine design. But whatever the make and year of your present car, you will find this platinum-processed spirit gives it a new lease of life. You'll get better performance right from the start — and a saving in fuel consumption.

You feel the benefit immediately

You can prove it for yourself, in your own car. Fill your tank with new BP Super and you will enjoy better performance straight-away. What is more, you will enjoy it without paying a penny extra. Another great thing about new BP Super is that it costs no more than ordinary premium-grade petrols produced by less advanced refining methods.



* A catalyst is an agent which assists in producing a chemical change in other substances without being changed itself. In 'platforming', as the platinum-process is called in the oil industry, the spirit is passed through a catalyst impregnated with pure platinum. This is in the shape of pellets — each no bigger than a small pill! The effect is to re-form the petroleum molecules so that new BP Super gives greater freedom from engine-knock and more energy per gallon.

Give your car

MORE ENERGY PER GALLON!





WITH a hundred and forty two of its candidates under forty, and twenty-four of those under thirty, the Conservative party obviously regards youth as its strong suit. The news that the candidate for Hammersmith North, twenty-five, has retired from the campaign with measles may make them think again, however, and at least issue an official word of warning about foolhardy baby-kissing.

Painful Inch Gained

ACCORDING to the annual report of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, the Chinese Communist attitude to British merchantmen is now one of "aloof tolerance" where it was until recently "abrupt rudeness." What position these two classifications occupy in the laid-down scale of comradely



delight despair devotion disgust

behaviour is hard to determine, but in a list ranging from calculated bonhomie at the top to shore battery salvoes at the bottom they probably come pretty near to each other somewhere in the middle.

Church Militant

MR. CECIL B. DEMILLE, they say, "has been listening studiously to the voice of General James Van Fleet, wondering whether the general would be a suitable person to record the voice of God in the Ten Commandments." One trouble may be a tendency to stammer over the Sixth.

Drinking Classes

HECKLING isn't what it was. When Mrs. Braddock shouted down rowdy elements at her readoption meeting

with "I know where the boos are coming from," no one had the wit to correct her grammar and ask what she proposed to do about the iniquitous price of beer.

Galluped All Three

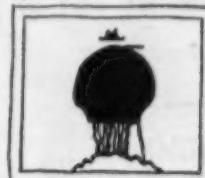
FROM now until May 26 the B.B.C. is rigorously banning all references to politics, even to the extent of cancelling a play which included a gipsy's election forecast. This laudably neutral policy has attracted high praise from organizers of all party campaigns, who have thanked the B.B.C. and asked where they can get hold of the gipsy.

Is That the Year?

PEOPLE litigate over the slightest thing nowadays, and a St. Louis, Missouri, woman is now seeking an eviction order against a friend who came to dinner eleven years ago and hasn't gone home yet. Surely the hostess could have stifled a yawn and glanced pointedly at the calendar?

Black-and-White

STILL another portrait of Sir Winston Churchill is now being painted, and is described by the advance publicity as "definitely non-controversial." This is



not the one, of course, now being painted on Socialist party platforms everywhere.

Best Trick Yet

LITTLE has been made so far of the atom's entertainment potentialities, and far too much of "the familiar mushroom," "seven hundred square miles of

destruction" and "flash seen 500 miles away." It came as a pleasant surprise when the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, bidding journalists to last week's exhibition at Thurso Town Hall, promised for their delight a "Card trick worked by using the invisible rays of radioactivity."

Boardroom Buttonholes

In these days of expanded production advertising agents are hard put to it to tap fresh markets and drain off commodity surplus. A florists' association is now launched on a campaign to



popularize flowers and plants as gifts "on occasions of personal importance, to clients and business associates." Success should attend this bold move; but it may take a little time for the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to accept "Bouquet to Board of Trade Official" as an allowable expense.

Off the Cuff

ADDRESSING a rain-sodden open-air meeting Dr. Summerskill said that the downpour was nothing to the deluge the Conservatives would experience on polling day—and thus taught all speakers the valuable lesson of keeping an elastic script. Composed during a period of drought, the speech originally had a line warning the audience not to be dazzled by the sun of Tory promises.

Non-Election Note

IT'S going to get worse
Before we're through with it.
So here's a verse
That's nothing to do with it.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

Proudly presenting

LEN TREMAYNE

Your
CONSERVIALIST
Candidate



DEAR ELECTOR (OR OCCUPIER),

LET us commence with straight speaking. I want your vote. Not because I aspire to the burdens of State which must perforce rest on my shoulders as the Mid-Gloamshire Member (should I be elected)—but because a vote for LEN TREMAYNE means a vote for the Conservialist Party and its policy of Peace, Prosperity and Postwar Credits. Also Fair Shares, Protection of Capital, Free Teeth, a Stable Pound, Personal Liberty, Assured Markets and Fewer Kinds of Pig.

War Not Inevitable

BELIEVING in a solution to world problems without recourse to a third world war, the Conservialists stand for a high standard of manpower, training and equipment in the Navy, Army and Air Force, while at the same time striving unremittingly for world disarmament.

A Conservialist Government (should it be elected)

The Conservialist Programme

1. GOOD LEADERSHIP. Sir Anthony Atlee knows his own mind if anyone does.
2. TAXATION. Ease its burden.
3. STANDARD OF LIVING. Raise it.
4. POVERTY. Abolish it.
5. EDUCATION. Encourage it.
6. WASTE. Reduce to a minimum.
7. MONKEYS. Explore avenues of supply.



LEN TREMAYNE

The Man You are Asked to Vote For !



will make known its desire to settle international differences round the conference table, confident in its ability to negotiate from strength. It will have ceaseless regard to the rights, dignities and traditions of the Colonial peoples.

It will regard the two-year term of National Service as capable of adjustment in the light of events, national requirements and the tide of public feeling. Old people and children will be its special care, with particular regard to age-groups between the two.

The Past

I DO not suggest that you should VOTE FOR LEN TREMAYNE without feeling absolute confidence in the Conservialist Party. Before deciding, therefore, ask yourself these questions:

WHO

- ★ Gave you higher wages and full employment ?
- ★ Put the farmer back on the land ?
- ★ Arrested the soaring cost of living ?
- ★ Built more houses ?
- ★ Hewed more coal ?
- ★ Championed the Pensioners ?
- ★ Stood firm on alternative TV ?
- ★ Reduced Industrial unrest ?
- ★ Freed India, Suez, etc.?
- ★ Slashed the price of table napkins ?

MID-GLOAMSHIRE DIVISION

The Future

THE past is past, the future yet to come. Is our great nation to go smoothly forward along the primrose path, to the broad peaceful parkland of contentment and ease, where the worker, at the end of still shorter weeks, bears home a still bulkier pay packet? Or to drag out a wretched existence in slum areas, cold, ill-nourished and ever alert for the mutter of H-bombers overhead? The choice rests with YOU AND YOU ALONE.

TREMAYNE X

A PROFESSION OF FAITH

● I BELIEVE in the British people, the Commonwealth and Empire, the Mother of Parliaments, the British Electoral system (should I be elected) and Political Integrity.

● I BELIEVE that British statesmanship has made us what we are to-day, and that Conservatism represents it in its finest form.

● I BELIEVE the British working man to be the best in the world.

● I UNDERTAKE to vote loyally according to the instructions of the Party Whips, while yet retaining my complete independence as elected representative of the Mid-Gloamshire Division, with especial reference to its vital packaging industry.

● I PROMISE at all times to endeavour to catch the Speaker's eye.

● I ASK confidently for YOUR VOTE.

Yours sincerely,

Len Tremayne

*A
Message
from
MRS. TREMAYNE*

DEAR VOTER,

YOU cannot, of course, know my husband as intimately as I do, but if you did I know you would have no hesitation in wanting him at Westminster.

As a housewife I can speak from the woman's viewpoint, and I have only to think of all that Conservatism has done



Mrs. Tremayne, her son BERT (24) and daughter SHEILA (22).

for we women, such as their Colonial Self-Government reforms and better and cheaper butcher's meat, to know that they have us very much at heart, bless them!

I want especially to appeal to "young marrieds" who are living with "in-laws" or similar hardships. It is only under the Conservatists that you will get a kitchen of your own at last, and every vote for MR. TREMAYNE will be a step nearer.

In conclusion, if you elect my husband you will, in a way, elect me and Bert and Sheila too, as we are heart and soul in Conservatism all three.

So don't forget, will you, on the 26th? My hubby won't let you down.

Millie Tremayne.



BUTSKELL FOR CHANCELLOR
And huge gold reserves

What They Say

"*A vote for the Liberals is a vote wasted.*"—Chalked on wall of a Potmarsh bus-shelter.

"*Asking your dad is a mug's game.*"—Mrs. Purdew (79), The Coffee Shoppe, Pillingham.

"*I have known Len Tremayne for 20 years.*"—Overheard in "The Grapes," Wagfield.

"*I shall be old enough to vote one day, and I say 'Down with all tyrants.'*"—H. Fobb (15), Sports captain, Pillingham Mixed School.

**LEN TREMAYNE—
THE MAN!**

BORN fifty years ago in Gloamshire's grey old County Town of Pillingham, LEN TREMAYNE is married with two children. Both assist their father in the family packing firm, while Mrs. Tremayne is well-known locally as a housewife.

Len Tremayne served in the Royal Air Force throughout the war, in the ranks until 1945 when he accepted a Commission and saw service in an East Coast Maintenance Unit.

On the termination of hostilities Tremayne took up politics, first at municipal level, later more seriously. He fought the 1950 election in Wimpole, the 1951 in Cranwick, and by-elections in Ford Compton, East Lemming, Twinton, Copleigh, Forford, Fainton Flaxton, Coombly, Holborn South-East, Mullbury, Cropwell, Chebwood Hall, Stigwell and St. Annes-on-Stour.

He has driven for more than thirty years with a clean licence.

Hobbies: public speaking, waste-paper collection.

A Night at the Castle

By ALEX ATKINSON

Noël Coward is reported to be writing a comedy about Disraeli, in which he wants Groucho Marx to appear. I had the same idea myself some years ago, but was too shy to do anything about it. To keep the record straight, I give below the closing scene of my second act. Mr. Coward is welcome to any or all of it. For the benefit of amateur dramatic societies, intimate revues, etc., the scene should be played at breakneck speed and Disraeli should have horn-rimmed glasses, a cutaway coat, and a grease-paint moustache.

On a night in October, 1875, QUEEN VICTORIA is seated at an upright piano in a room in Windsor Castle, humming nostalgically as she plays a few hits from musicals of the early part of the century. She is dressed in black. Presently she frowns, and stops playing.

VICTORIA: There is something odd about this pianoforte.

DISRAELI (*inside the piano*): You're telling me! Every time you press the clutch I get a crack on the shin.

VICTORIA (*opening the piano*): Mr. Disraeli! How dare you enter our pianoforte at this time of night?

DISRAELI: You mean to tell me it's not open yet? (*He climbs out, and dusts himself with the end of her shawl.*) It's an outrage! It's getting now so a man can't go into his favourite piano

when he wants. (*He shakes the shawl, and a moth flies out.*) Aha! So we are not alone!

VICTORIA: Mr. Disraeli——

DISRAELI (*flicking cigar ash into her crown and leering*): Call me Ben.

VICTORIA: Certainly not!

DISRAELI (*jumping into her lap*): Ah, come on now, Victrola. What about that night of burning passion when you winked at me behind your fan?

VICTORIA: We had a smut in our eye.

DISRAELI: Yes—and that book you were reading didn't look any too clean, either.

VICTORIA (*indignantly*): That was dear Mr. Tennyson's *Maud*!

DISRAELI: That dope? What's he got

that I can't steal? (*Going down on his knees*): Victrola, you can't let old Alf Tanglewhiskers come between us! You know I love you for yourself alone! (*Aside*): Well—that and the Crown Jewels. (*To her*): Why don't we throw discretion to the winds and give those guys at Eton something to talk about?

VICTORIA: We have a lot of needlework to do.

DISRAELI (*rising, prowling about distractedly*): Interruptions—always interruptions! If it's not needlework it's famine in Ireland. (*He picks up a decanter of Madeira and drains it.*) (*Spluttering*): Have you been standing daffodils in this?

VICTORIA (*alarmed*): Mr. Disraeli, we



don't like the look of you! How are things with the Empire?

DISRAELI: I don't know, but they tell me they're booked solid at the Lyceum.

The door opens, and CHICO looks in expectantly.

CHICO: Pst! Pst!

DISRAELI (*suspiciously, to VICTORIA*): Why can't you eat your soup like a lady?

VICTORIA: We are not eating soup.

DISRAELI: Well somebody is, and I'm not going to rest until I find him. (*He throws a large sideboard over on its back and begins to ransack it vigorously.*)

CHICO: Pst!

DISRAELI *looks up and sees him.*

Now, boss?

DISRAELI: No, no. Later. (*He hustles CHICO out and shuts the door.*)

VICTORIA: Whom was that, pray?

DISRAELI: That was a Mr. Scrapecheese.

VICTORIA: Do we know him?

DISRAELI: Search me. I never heard of him.

VICTORIA: But he just went out.

DISRAELI: Who did?

VICTORIA: Mr. Scrapecheese.

DISRAELI: He *did*? Well, he's got his own life to live. I have troubles of my own. (*He goes down on his knees and takes her hand.*)

VICTORIA: But why have we never met him?

DISRAELI: That's easy. He's been dead for years.

VICTORIA: Then that can't have been he!

DISRAELI: Are you kidding?

VICTORIA: Oh, Mr. Disraeli, you *are* a droll! (*She pokes him playfully in the eye with her fan.*)

DISRAELI: I bet you say that to all the Prime Ministers. (*He rolls up her sleeve and begins to plant kisses on her arm from the wrist up.*)

VICTORIA: Aren't you getting a little too old for this sort of thing?

DISRAELI: That's your worry, not mine. (*He puts an arm around her, knocking her crooked askew.*)

A LADY-IN-WAITING enters.

LADY-IN-WAITING: Oh—excuse me. I didn't know there was an orgy on to-night.

DISRAELI: Don't you ever read the Court Circular, you succulent little minx? (*He releases VICTORIA and makes a beeline for the LADY-IN-WAITING, taking her in his arms and squeezing her.*) (*Aside:*) Ah, this is



"Metal fatigue, no doubt."

the life! (*To the LADY-IN-WAITING*): What d'you want, and I hope it's a rude answer?

LADY-IN-WAITING: Mr. Gladstone is at the front door.

DISRAELI: Has he got his bag?

LADY-IN-WAITING: Yes.

DISRAELI: Tell him we've got all the brushes we can use. (*He hustles her out and returns to VICTORIA.*)

VICTORIA (*putting her crown straight*): Did you wish to see us, Mr. Disraeli?

DISRAELI: Well, I certainly didn't come in here to read the meter. (*He picks her up, puts her on a sofa, jumps up beside her, and leans against her amorously, smoking his cigar.*) You

know, you're cute. They ought to name a railroad station after you. (*He tickles her chin.*)

VICTORIA: Oh, dear. Whatever would Lord Melbourne have said, to see us now?

DISRAELI: That's nothing. Wait till Lytton Strachey gets wind of it.

The music of a harp is heard, off
VICTORIA (*drawing away from him*): Hark!

DISRAELI: Now what?

VICTORIA (*guiltily, looking up to heaven*): Listen! It's Albert! He must be angry with us!

DISRAELI: In a pig's eye it's Albert! It's one of my poor relations. (*Aside*):



"I've been offered a marvellous job with the I.T.A.—treating studio audiences for hysteria."

Either him or Mrs. Dale. (*He hurries to the window and opens it.*) Calling: Hey! You down there with the bed-sized banjo! What d'you think we are—amused?

Harp music stops. A motor-horn sounds twice.

(To VICTORIA): Make that six hard-boiled eggs. (*Calling down again:*) Get outa here before I fetch a Beefeater! A lousy sandwich you'd make anyway. Here! (*He tosses a coin out of the window.*) Here's a wooden nickel. Don't take any more! (*He shuts the window and returns to the sofa.*) I've had just about enough of this. All I crave is a little innocent debauchery, and what do I get? Bedlam!

The door opens, and JOHN BROWN bursts in.

JOHN BROWN: Havers! Wull ye tak ye're haunds off yon puir wee lassie, or wull I pitch ye doon the stairrs?

DISRAELI: You got me there. Is it animal, vegetable, or plain soda?

JOHN BROWN (*approaching menacingly*): Ah havena time tae fash masel' arrguin' wi' the likes o' you!

DISRAELI (*to VICTORIA*): I don't remember booking a floor-show. Is this guy a member here?

VICTORIA: Mr. Brown, behave yourself.

JOHN BROWN: It's no' masel' needs yon advice, I'm thinkin'. Ha'e ye no shame, tae be philanderin' wi' his kidney?

DISRAELI: Okay—I quit. (*To VICTORIA*: Give me back my kidney and we'll call it a day.

HARPO climbs in through the window and moves towards them on hands and knees.

JOHN BROWN (*to DISRAELI*): Awa' off hame wi' ye tae ye ain fireside before I split ye in taw wi' ane blow o' ma bare fust!

DISRAELI (*to VICTORIA*): You know, you ought to get his dialogue dubbed. (*To JOHN BROWN*): I'll give you fifty dollars for the touring rights. That's my last offer—take it or leave it.

Preferably leave it—I could use fifty dollars myself right now. Could I interest you in a shop-soiled left-handed caber?

HARPO has meanwhile been at work with his shears, and JOHN BROWN, about to deal DISRAELI a mighty blow, looks down to find that his kilt is considerably shorter than it used to be. With a bellow of dismay he snatches up an antimaccassar, wraps it around himself like a skirt, and flees.

VICTORIA: God bless our heart and soul!

DISRAELI: I know one thing. I'll never look Gipsy Rose Lee in the face again. *HARPO snips off a lock of VICTORIA's hair, puts it into a locket that hangs around his neck, blows a kiss, toots his motor-horn, and goes out through the window.*

VICTORIA: Who was that?

DISRAELI: The Tichborne claimant, if I'm any judge. (*He sits again, and leans against her, closing his eyes.*) Ah, that's better. Let me rest my weary head on your Embankment.

VICTORIA: Mr. Disraeli, we believe you are dallying with us.

DISRAELI (*aside*): I knew she'd catch on sooner or later. (*To her*): My intentions are strictly unmentionable. How are yours? Keeping all right?

VICTORIA: Affairs of State weigh heavy on our chest.

DISRAELI: Pardon me. (*He rests his head on her shoulder instead.*) Incidentally, not to put too fine a point on it, how are you fixed for canals these days? (*He puts his feet up on an inlaid mahogany china-cabinet.*)

VICTORIA: You have one for disposal?

DISRAELI: I sure have.

VICTORIA: How big is it?

DISRAELI: That depends. What size d'you take?

VICTORIA: I—

DISRAELI: It's a deal! Sign here. (*He whips a document and a quill pen from his inside pocket.*)

VICTORIA: But wait! We can't sign yet!

DISRAELI: Well, make a cross. I'm not fussy.

VICTORIA: But—where is this canal?

DISRAELI: I got it right outside.

VICTORIA: Will it be safe there?

DISRAELI: It hasn't complained up to now. Come on—what am I bid for one canal? Running water both ends—so easy a child can fix it—will not repeat after meals—

VICTORIA: We could perhaps make you an earl?

DISRAELI: Can I take it in cash?

VICTORIA: Certainly not!

DISRAELI: Okay, but you twisted my arm—make me an earl. But make him fast, and wrap him up—I want to take him with me.

CHICO comes in again.

CHICO: Now, boss?

DISRAELI: Yes—now. (*To VICTORIA*): Hold tight, baby. This is your big scene.

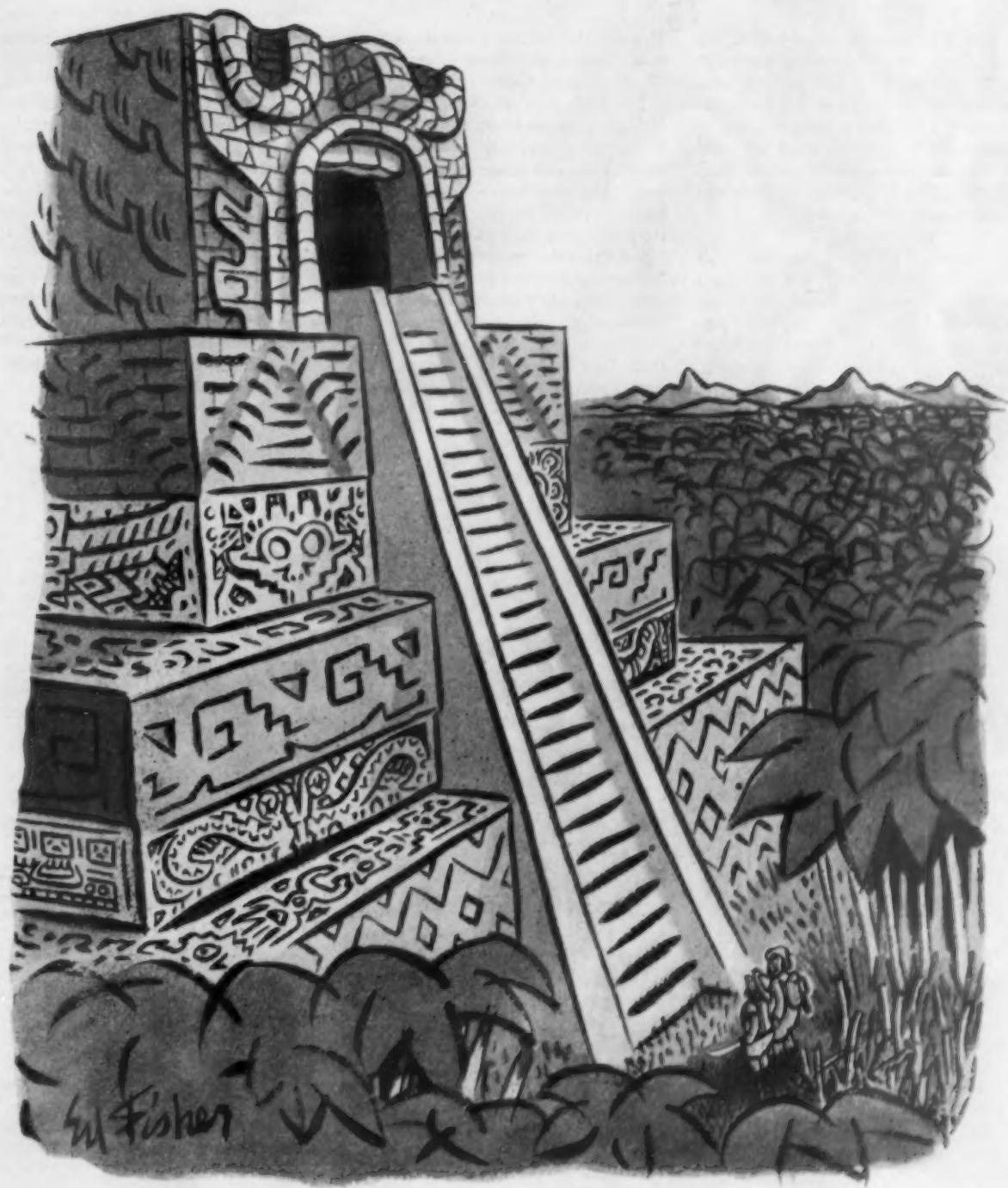
He clings to her and she clings to the sofa, as CHICO holds the door open and the Suez Canal comes in.

CURTAIN.

 & &

Last Mad Fling

"Import Duties (Drawback) (No. 3) Order, 1955
The Treasury have made the Import Duties (Drawback) (No. 3) Order, 1955, which increases from 28s., to 32s. 6d., a cwt., the rate of drawback of Customs duty payable on imported unblanched shelled almonds, used in the manufacture of certain descriptions of blanched almonds which are exported or shipped as stores; and adds roasted and salted almonds to the descriptions of exported blanched almonds on which such drawback is payable. The Order comes into operation on the 6th May, 1955, and has been published as Statutory Instruments 1955, No. 649."—Announcement from the Press Office, H.M. Treasury



"It's a fake."

Civics Course

By CLAUD COCKBURN

THEY appear to stand *how*? Look here, Mr. Cheer, what you seem to have been and done is misunderstand the nature of this particular Exercise. These people you're supposed to be referring to are supposed to be your *opponents*. How the devil can they "stand four-square" in favour of or against whatever it is?

Well, I mean, they . . .

I know, I know. But that isn't "standing four-square," not with that crowd. That's "almost incredible obstinacy," that's "a certain pig-headedness which has always characterized, etc., etc." that's "a stubborn refusal to recognize the disastrous consequences

of, etc." Do for heaven's sake not get your Them and Yous mixed up at this stage of the Course.

You can stand four-square if you like. You can fightemonthethebeaches. Want a bit of what we here call Solicitor's Relish, you can refuse to abate by an iota. And if a little action is felt the need of, that's where they rush down steep place into sea like herd of Gadarene swine, etc., while you surge unswervingly forward in unity towards the appointed goal. And don't forget The Lemming Variation of this.

"Four-square," by Jove! It's laughable. Don't you see, my dear chap, it's almost like slipping in something about

the other side being careful or cautious, when you mean timid, dithering, sunk in lethargy, apparently unaware that while they procrastinate events are moving inexorably towards, etc. etc.?

Seems to me some of the Class need a little refresher on this. Now "husband resources with courageous regard for realities and refusal to pander to vested interests." All ready? Translation, please:

"Essential meanness, expressing itself in reckless cynicism and blind disregard of the pressing needs of a wide section of the community."

Good. Most of you seem to understand the basic principles fairly well.



"Allow me to deplore your couldn't-care-less attitude in the current world situation."

Now, Mr. Mere, are there any instances in which it is correct to *deny* the presence of some virtue or capacity in *you*?

Well. D'you mean the Negative Militant?

Yes. Quite. What the older Manuals rather cumbrously call the Implied Unlike Some We Wot Of. Can you give me an example, Miss Sere?

"We don't claim to be omniscient."

Good, yes. Mr. Leer, could you give us a rather fuller example of this very interesting form?

"I am not one of those who believe that by some piece of financial jiggery-pokery the fundamental laws of, etc., etc., can be abrogated, etc., etc., Joshua, etc. sun standing still, etc., walls Jericho, etc., etc., afraid nowadays need something rather more effective than trumpets upon which certain people to appear rely, etc., etc."

Ye-es. Although personally I'm inclined to recommend one of the later variants, like "We on our side happen not to believe that you can get jet performance out of a pre-jet engine simply by fiddling with the carburettor. Bracket laughter unbracket."

You can all of you see for yourselves how that sharpens up the Negative Militant, gets in the Foggy or Impracticable Idealist flavouring — whichever you feel's required: They wouldn't know a jet-plane if they saw one, so how can we entrust, etc., etc.? I didn't quite catch your question Miss Beer.

I said Doesn't it have Mateyness, too?

I'm very glad you brought that up, Miss Beer. It *does* have Mateyness, though not so you taste it as a distinct ingredient, but it's been rubbed round the bowl all right. And as we all of us here to-day know very well, Mateyness in one form or another is pretty well indispensable.

You mean sort of nudging, back-slapping?

Well now, Mr. Revere, if you don't mind my saying so that's an awfully old-style way of putting it. I'm afraid you'll have to get some of those things they taught you at that other place you were at right out of your head. That sort of thing is *part* of Mateyness, but it isn't *all* of Mateyness by a very long chalk.

You have to realize, Mr. Revere, that there's such a thing—and a very

S. ANTIQUES



"That's exactly like a table I danced on in 1880."

important thing it is—as the Down-Look Matey (sometimes called Wag-Finger Matey) as well as what is known as the All-in-the-same-Boating song. Yes, Mrs. Peer?

Do you mean like "Some people seem to imagine" and "If you'd seen as I did when I was at the Ministry"?

Exactly. And in my view that's often better than the All-in-the-same-Boat variant which . . . all right, Miss Queer.

"Every day, sitting there at that big desk of mine at the Ministry, I used to say to myself 'It's all very well, old cock,' I used to bracket laughter un-bracket 'but it's not us chaps in here that really know anything, it's the

ordinary men and women outside' and that's why, etc., etc."

Quite correct, Miss Queer. But of course what we here really recommend is a blend or mixture, and if you'll all of you just take a look at Page 61 of the Manual you'll see a specimen of what we mean by "blend." Ah, here it is:

"I know some people get the idea that a man—or a woman for that matter—gets into Parliament, perhaps gets into the Government, he or she loses common touch, rarefied air, etc., etc. Well, just want to tell you, far's I'm concerned, I've always regarded myself as human being, propose go on doing so, etc., etc."

Here the Manual recommends



"Take a stirring message to Saigon."

—David Snyders

inclusion of one or two—but not more—of the following sequences:

"Like a bob or two on a horse occasionally myself" with joke about wishing knew Derby winner. ("If I was as certain of that as I am of the result of this election, etc., etc.)

For this may be substituted one or other of the very rich variations of the Pools Sequence, e.g. "Afraid I don't get much time for it nowadays, but I don't mind admitting I used to post my Pools pretty regularly, etc., etc."

Or "My wife was at the fishmonger's the other day—and I always say the housewife's point of view, etc., etc.—and she said to me, etc., etc."

Or "And the little chap looked up at me and said 'I wish I was old enough to vote for you, Daddy,' and I said 'Why?' and he said 'Because I want to grow up, Daddy' and I said 'Of course you'll grow up' and he said 'No I won't, Daddy, not if . . .' (Here vary as required with 'Not if the Americans drop the atom bomb' or 'Not if the Kremlin comes here' or 'Not if the fundamental economic requirements of this country of ours are not taken into account.')

Or "Speaking as a motorist and I may say a pedestrian."

Don't see much finger-wag. Thought you said "blend."

Just a minute, Mr. Leer. If you'll just pay attention to the Manual you'll see it lays very great emphasis on the importance of what we call the Moment of Blend. The Moment of Blend should occur "exactly three-eighths of the way through the estimated course of the laughter following the close of the first, or Human Too movement.

This movement should thus be brought to an end with some particularly human "joke." Football Pools, if not used earlier, will do excellently well, but British Railways or something about Prima Donnas and other people on Television may be equally liked. (In village halls or before any very small, intimate audience, try a personal reference to some well-known idiosyncrasy of some well-known local character—"As I'm sure our friend George over there could tell you . . .")

- Then before they can pick themselves out of the aisles you're glaring at them, more in sorrow than in anger of course, but still deeply disturbed, because here are these people laughing, and yet these are serious times.

In fact you say almost immediately that these are serious times. "Some of

our opponents may tell you that if we just don't bother our heads about the future and leave them to go on muddling they will eventually muddle through.

"Some of you may be inclined to accept that point of view. Some of you may not be aware, etc., etc., and of course there are factors in the situation which necessarily cannot be made fully public, etc., etc., but, let me tell you, if I were in a position to disclose some of the things I have seen, things I have heard, etc., etc., and of course some of us are in a position to see and hear a little bit more than others, etc., etc., it would, be with a shock of sick horror that, etc., etc."

And Mr. Smear, when you say "Nice cookin'!" in that special tone of voice, of course we appreciate the compliment, but I have to remind you that it isn't quite the sort of thing we like our Class Members to say about the Course outside."

 6 6

"BUTCHERY MANAGER wanted for up-country business in Kenya. For particulars of employment, etc., apply to Box 3082, Robertson and Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2."—*The Scotsman*
Watch the overcrowding.

High-Level Conference

By H. F. ELLIS

AT a Press Conference held yesterday at his palace at No 12 The Promenade, Torquay, the Emperor of Xanadu made the following statement:

"Now that the time has come, owing to developments in our country of a serious and far-reaching nature, for us to leave this place which has for so long been our headquarters and move to less suitable accommodation in Paignton, we desire to record our gratitude to the people of Torquay for the kindness of their welcome and the assistance they have rendered us during the last twenty years of our rule. Problems inevitably arise when the imperial sceptre has to be wielded, at a range of some six thousand miles, over dominions that stretch from the borders of Pnumph almost to the banks of the sluggish Hooey, and we are particularly indebted to your General Post Office for the prompt dispatch of postcards and other communications of a royal nature. We take this opportunity of awarding the Order of the Water Buffalo (Fourth Class) to Mrs. G. Tebbing, Postmistress, for services rendered. Our further wish and command is that the half-ton of coke now lying in our imperial cellars be distributed without charge to the lepers and other unfortunates of Torquay."

FINGERS OF ONE HAND

Asked for his impressions of Torquay as a centre for emigré rulers, the Emperor replied that there was plenty of room for expansion. "Apart from the ex-King of the Cameroons at No. 26," he said, "and a small-time Prince up the hill, whose name we forget, we have been almost totally deprived of Court society, though constantly buoyed up by the hope that President Eisenhower would visit us for a long week-end's golf. But it is a penalty of our position that we can rarely expect to consort with equals. Indeed," he added, with an expressive shrug, "it is an unfortunate fact that the emperors of the world can now be counted on the fingers of one hand—and of those, only our old friend Haile Selassie is, we believe, at present at home."

Other questions put to the Emperor,

and his replies, were: *What were the reasons that prompted your Majesty to skip out of Xanadu and make your home here? No comment.*

What struck you first about Torquay? We noticed the absence of elephants. Also the mats provided were not of a quality upon which imperial blood should be asked to sit. But we thought your policewomen were wonderful.

Have any difficulties, political or otherwise, arisen in Xanadu during the last twenty years that seemed to require the immediate return of the Emperor? There have been difficulties, yes; but not such as could not be overcome by what your poet Wordsworth calls "a wise passiveness." From time to time, it is true, we have been deposed by telegram and have been forced to take our Borzoi for a walk along the front in order to contain our indignation. But on our return, as often as not, a further message "Congratulations. Reinstated" has awaited us.

CODEWORD

Then (the Emperor concluded, with a gesture of touching simplicity) we have wired our instructions for the disposal of the insurgent leaders and retired to bed, worn out with the cares of high office. "A man," in the words of our own Minh Ho, "cannot do more than he can."

What instructions did you wire? This is of concern only to Xanadusians. The codeword employed on these occasions is, however, "Lingering."

Would the Emperor say what are his present relations with his Ministers? No. We do not desire to soil our lips with the names of the traitor Nim Chum or the renegade Generals No Gho Ba, Ho Pot, and Van Pu Bong. It is the duty of a supreme hereditary ruler to remain aloof from the petty squabbles of his politicians. We have not therefore, as erroneously reported in the *South Devon Gazette and Totnes Advertiser*, sent any written communication

whatever to the so-called Minister of Telegraphs Nao Pao Ping.

Did you ring, sir? The Emperor made no reply.

NOT SURPRISED

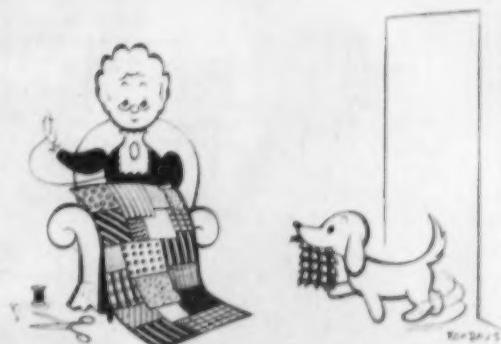
When a final question, as to whether he thought the anti-imperial forces now gathering, with American backing, under Nim Chum, to oppose the French-led pro-Dong party (a splinter-group of the old Phi Psi sect) would succeed, despite the probable intervention of Rum Tinh and his British-armed bandits, in kicking him finally off his empty throne, the Emperor showed signs of impatience and began to look about for his dog. Pressed to answer, he finally admitted that he wouldn't put it past them. "Already," he said, "they have sequestered my estates, broken up my herd of white elephants, one of the largest in Asia, and turned my palace at Xim into a school for training rebel television announcers. All I have left now is my imperial stipend, which I draw weekly from the post office. We are loth to believe," he concluded, drawing himself up and reverting with a flash of the old fire to the first person plural, "that they will be mean enough to sever the last sentimental tie that links us with our homeland."

* * *

"Meanwhile the commission's director of medicine, Dr. John Bugher, told reporters that a Japanese fisherman caught in the Pacific fallout died from jaundice and not from the effects of radiation."

Auckland Star

Anyway, all that's been stopped.



I Had a { Good Bad Indifferent } Life

GOODY morning, ladies and gentlemen. So you are all writing your autobiographies? You, sir, probably feel that your wide experience in the service of the State (and the rumour that your old friend X got a four-figure advance for some barely literate scratchings) make it your duty to set down in pride and humility the lessons you have learnt from life. You, sir, on the other hand, in the knowledge that your span of years has covered a little-known corner of human existence which . . . please stop pushing, madam, everyone is aware that for Celtic fey you had few equals on Haverstock Hill, and don't wave that suède-bound copy of *Omar Khayyám*. Everyone here has one already. Indeed you have all another thing in common. YOU ARE STUCK. What you need is balance and a framework. Here, in this simple form, you will find both, so take a sharp pencil and get to work. There are a few notes to assist those whose success in life has not been due to an ability to cross out selectively.

I was born of { rich
poor
comfortably off
uncomfortably off }
parents, who lived in { a castle.
a cottage.
a villa.
one room. }

My father was descended from { kings,
yeomen, } while my mother had a

touch of	Scotch Irish French Spanish Hungarian Creole Gipsy	blood to which
		the open road. closed shop.

I attribute my lifelong passion for
ballet. }

(Note.—Two touches of blood may be combined, but care should be exercised. For example a Spanish Gipsy is a credible ancestor, but a Scotch Gipsy is unconvincing.)

I had	ten or more five or more one or more no	brothers and sisters.
-------	--	--------------------------

My childhood was { happy,
unhappy, } and
I spent many hours poring over a
{ battered copy of *Baudelaire*.
tattered copy of *Tom Jones*. }

(Note.—No one can hope eventually to write an autobiography if time is wasted poring over a new copy of any book.)

My school days were passed	at a public school. at a secondary school. at an approved school. privately.
-------------------------------	--

I left school	with every prize open to me. with little distinction. with every cup going. under a cloud.
------------------	---



At this date my best friend was dear old

Dusty Miller,
Nobby Clarke,
Bushy Beard,
Stuffy Chambers,

whose later connection with caused (delight) to many.

(Note.—Any dear old friend mentioned must have a nickname.)

The next step in my career led to a seat in an office. on the Embankment.

(Note.—Those whose steps did not lead them to a seat should here give brief details.)

I obtained my first glimpse of

the intricacies of politics when I assisted (the head of the department) one of the directors

in an index of reports.
a report on indexes.
a slight re-adjustment of clients' securities.

However, the turning point in my career was reached when I found myself faced with a serious decision:

Should I enter Parliament?
marry the boss's daughter?
undertake a financial venture of uncertain outcome?
run away with the boss's wife?

Without undue modesty it must be, I think, fairly widely known what my decision was, and that it

has led me to the Georgian seat luxurious desk ingle nook white-washed cell

from which I gaze into the past as I trace the lines that I have followed. The silence round me is that

of a deep winter night, soft spring evening, warm summer afternoon, crisp autumn morning,

open-cast mining, London traffic, broken by the dull throb of the Third Programme, the warder's footsteps.

Before I lay down my pen, with a tinge of the regret that Gibbon felt on a similar occasion, I must, I feel, leave some message with the readers who have followed me with such patience through the sunshine of my pilgrimage . . .

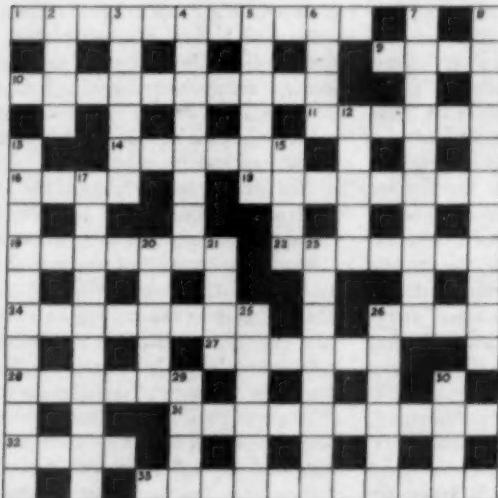
Now this is where you must each write your own philosophical conclusions, and those who find that they have described themselves as coming from Yeomen Creole parents living in a castle, but as now listening to the Third Programme from an ingle nook, had better turn back to the beginning where they will find a simple solution of their difficulties.

V. G. P.

Election Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Would it be pink gin for Attlee and Co.? (5,6)
9. He may be red or rural. (4)
10. Dickens of an election (10)
11. My friends, ladies and gentlemen, comrades—it's coming! (6)
14. Not members of the Playfair family. (6)
16. It makes you feel you have to act. (4)



18. Up the rebels! (8)

19. Me and the girl have our deviations. (7)
22. Rigging an argument in favour of desertion? (7)
24. Just because he lives here he's not quite the head man. (8)
26. Enough to make it a singular experience. (4)
27. Referee of dud cheques. (6)
28. How you might be dealt with if you don't fork out? (6)
31. It's not like Attlee to provide the storms. (10)
32. Embodiment of beastly nationalism. (4)
33. A bit above working, it's implied, but not what you'd call capital chaps. (6,5)

DOWN

2. Eden's first expulsion. (4)
3. Extreme bemusement? No, only medium. (6)
4. I'm hanged if I let it happen to me! (8)
5. Crazy gang? (6)
6. Wells was opposed to them, of course. (4)
7. It brings the election home to you. (10)
8. A first-class return would be just the ticket for him. (7,4)
12. You'll have to be sharp if you want to make it. (5)
13. Some seasons are fatal for the party doctor. (11)
15. Make it hot for them! (4)
17. Survivor of the late Mr. Green? (5,5)
20. Trick of avoiding trouble? (5)
21. Where they've the wit to take the waters. (4)
23. Place of no importance. (8)
25. Discovered a lack of artistic originality. (6)
26. It's hard to take this suggestion of alternative accommodation. (6)
29. Bit of a hand-out at the Co-op. (4)
30. Parliamentary contribution to our entertainment? (4)

Solution on p. 593



5

approaches through the hurly-burly of Covent Garden. Time, human nature, seem old. Before dawn the arcades resounded; pubs opened and closed; the Court (see its gaunt exterior!) stood and sits; far into the afternoon the traffic jigsaw will confound interlopers. Then, onions swept aside, Opera will blaze out; and all will die down to gaslight, such activities as remain being likely to bring those who pursue them "up before the Beak."

The surprise, once you're in, is that everything should be so—comparatively

—free and easy. I don't say that's how it appeals to the diffident law-breaker, at this moment climbing into the dock. Where has he emerged from? He blinks, sees us, veers away, faces authority. Then he may have danced; now he wilts. Anything to say? Very sorry. Very well, 5s. It has taken barely a minute; and the pubs won't be open yet.

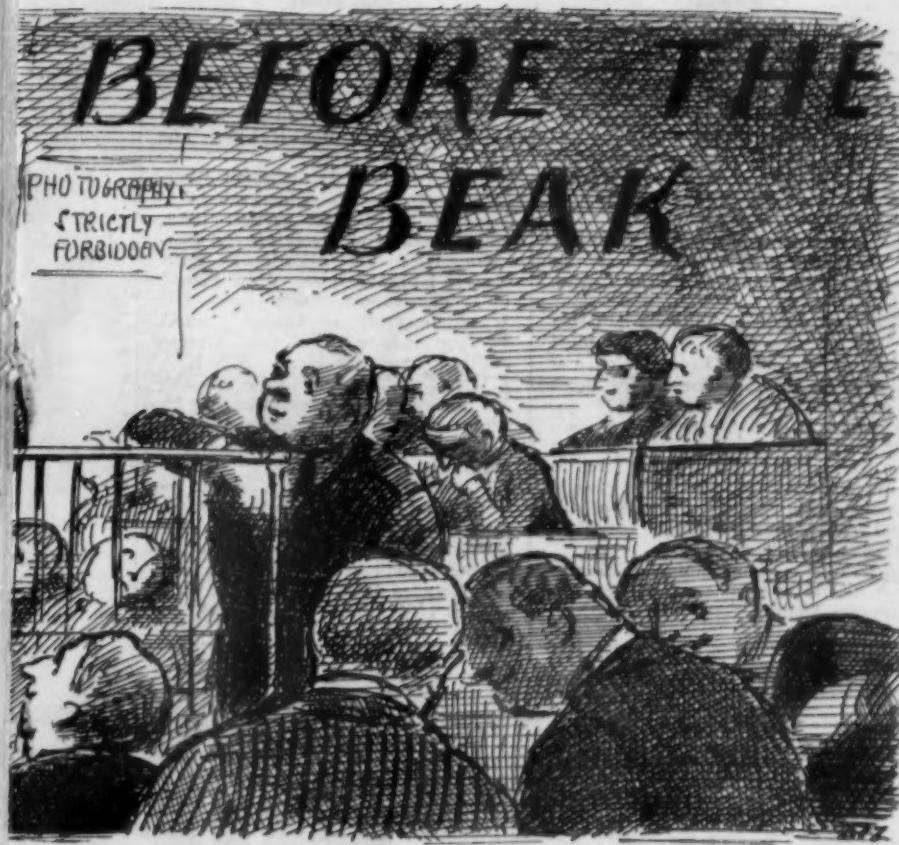
He is followed by a dapper old salt of seventy-five, whose two or three pints had got into his legs, and then a plump gentleman with no memory, but no doubts, of having struck the young constable twice on the head with his stick. He has to pay rather more, having spent a week under medical supervision. They are all repentant.

The prim little spectacled body isn't. Her offence is—can it be?—soliciting, priced by the law at 40s. No regrets, and no homily. She will do it again. She will pay up. That "Y" know, we can't have you doing this sort of thing"

must be kept strictly for the unsteady male, as drunks and tarts alternate for the next half-hour, or the day's business of fifty-odd cases to be got through before 4.30 will be seriously disrupted.

No one knows this better than the Beak, a cool, kindly, horn-rimmed one, looking rather like the Mr. Somerset Maugham of twenty years ago, and possessing some of that writer's shrewd scepticism and plain style.

Not for him the verbiage of the Law. Such magniloquence as there is will come from the dock or the witness-box. The youth accused of making a disturbance in Parliament Square claims that he said to the policeman moving him on, "Your attitude is unnecessarily provocative." "Did you really," asks the Beak, fascinated, "use those words?" "Most definitely." "Is that your usual way of speaking?" "Yes, I speak good English." His Worship considers. The police story has been that he shouted "Get at the b—— Fascists." Five



pounds is the measure of the Law's frown over this balance of possibilities.

A cosh boy, remanded, would like to "explain his attitood." A young business man, smart in one way too many, has been importing thousands of tomatoes from Holland without paying for them. The reptilian youth in a sleek, black overcoat had been found in Regent's Street with dope in his left sock; and tries to remember where he got the socks. Others have loitered, obstructed, run off when the police approached. A very harmless-looking little dish-washer expresses himself as "flabbergasted" to think they should have thought he was trying car-handles. But his record speaks otherwise.

Then arises one of those wearisome expositions in which the Law, having hitherto merely trifled with intents to commit felonies and such, delights to prove to its own satisfaction what is admitted by all parties—in this case, deliveries of door-knobs from Eire; and

from Eire has come a gentleman, with an interpreter. Events slow down to a glacier crawl. The Beak does all he can with spectacles, papers, handkerchief, a glass of water, to keep interest awake, and begins studiously writing. I, chained by no such necessity, go out.

There are three courts at Bow Street, on three floors. Mounting the stone stairs I find a world of those who take home bundles of magazines not paid for: there are the magazines, and not an *Encounter* among them. Ascending still higher I meet that timelessness which the truly legal occasion shares with the East. A delicate, learned Jew is beginning to give evidence on court dealings in Pakistan. This court's clerk interposes: "We must take all this far more slowly, I'm afraid; I've got to have it down in longhand and it will be read afterwards in India." Here, more than ever, the boxed officials and interested persons look like passengers in early trains. Only the shining top of the

accused head can be seen. It seems unhappy.

I wait till the end of a sentence and tiptoe out. From the landing I look across at the opera house and market hall, clamped together like odd semi-detached houses: the one mostly of stone and the other of glass; but some influence from each has leaked over. A palace-of-the-arts look hangs dingly about the arcades, and the balcony for devotees of *Tristan* and *tiara* is almost filled by what looks like an old greenhouse.

There's a little queue: next year's ballet, no doubt.

Over cobbles and handcarts the sun plays a soft spotlight . . . and I'm transported to Nice.

Where also are upheld these associations of vegetables and opera. My window looked on various Muses and bedraggled masters and the inscription, coming round the corner . . . *recreare juvabit, et risu et lacrymis oblectans* . . . words that could not possibly be read from the street below. A little further on housewives and tourists sniffed round garlic and roses, bougainvillea, *kaki* fruit; victorias flitted through pink squares; pipe-cleaners sprouted in five colours. English influences! And it was raining, tho' it shouldn't have been.

I am brought back by the newsboy shouting—"Sensation at Bow Street!" Good heavens, where, when? Hurriedly returning to the third court I find slow dictation grown slower; below, the magazine snatchers plead common usage and large families; and in the big court, with almost everyone writing, and the air thick with Gaelic, Irish-English, and English, it seems that door-knobs are still door-knobs.

The Law (against which everyone in his time must fight a losing battle) has them in thrall: the Beak and the clerk, the inspector, the solicitors with briefs, the deposed witnesses, the exhibit handler, and the bald police usher—even the tramp at the back who, with a bemused astonishment, has affixed himself to a warm grille.

How fortunate once again am I, who can choose freedom! Outside, two lorries dispute with one another, and from the gutter—her soup-kitchen—an old woman gathers scraps. I must buy a paper to read all about it.

G. W. STONIER

PERSONAL

"BEHOLD, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."—Matthew, viii, 32.

M R. WOODROW WYATT wishes to inform his friends that he is going to the country after all, but hopes to return to town early in June.

C.R.A.—Hope to see you back at Westminster. I will need your help again.—A.B.

DISTRESSED CANDIDATES' AID ASSOCIATION. Please listen to the broadcast and televised appeals which will be made in the next few weeks. The appeals are supported by both Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Clement Attlee. These men need your help.

TIRIED of the Fulham Road? Then take a vacation this spring in beautiful Warrington. Summerskill's Tours will arrange everything for you.

WANTED, two seats at the Centre Court, Wimbledon. Write Box V. 1984, The T^ms, E.C.4.

WANTED, 350 seats at Westminster. Write Morgan Phillips, Transport House, S.W.1.

PERSONAL

LOYD GEORGE KNEW YOUR FATHER? Even if he did not, you may still want to be kept in touch with his spirit through the medium of his daughter. Consult Madame Megan or, if you like, watch her first on television.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN offered comfortable seat in South of England. Terms reasonable. Write Conservative Central Office, S.W.1.

FIFTEENTH BARONET seeks family seat in Gravesend, with security of tenure. Write Box A 1955, The T^ms, E.C.4.

630 CANDIDATES in full colour. Chart for wall or pocket, from the National Candidates' Defence League, House of Commons, S.W.1. One shilling helps Candidates' Defence.

BRADDOCK QUEEN. Our new rose: you can pull it out and replant it six weeks later and it will not seem to have suffered at all. Flourishes even in smoky cities. Send for details of this and other lovely blooms. N.E.C. Market Garden, S.W.1.

ANTIQUE ammunition. Collector desires to purchase. Write Conservative Central Office, S.W.1.

PERSONAL

PROFESSIONAL gentleman with time to spare wants part-time occupation in Westminster area. Salary approx. £1,500, and long summer holidays required. Otherwise will say and do anything. Write Box B 1348, The T^ms, E.C.4.

LARGE TOWN HOUSE, adjacent Westminster Hall, to let for period 3 to 5 years. Suitable for parties. Bars, dining-rooms and lovely terrace overlooking river. Very historic site. Offer open to highest bidder. Write Box C. 1564, The T^ms, E.C.4.

LABOUR-SAVING appliances wanted. Any advice. Write Morgan Phillips, Transport House, S.W.1.

GENTLEMAN expects to be available for interesting work after May 26. Wide experience in committed work. Expert in salesmanship. Write Box C. 1658, The T^ms, E.C.4.

YOUNG MARRIED MAN likely to be turned out of House where he would like to spend rest of his life. Must he end his days in the Old People's Home? Won't you help? This is a genuine plea from his father. Write Box F. 1386. The T^ms, E.C.4.

H. F.



Ho, the Fierce Foxes!

By JOHN MARKS

AMOST gratifying if perhaps unrecognized consequence of the recent influx of foreign visitors to this country has been the wave of enthusiasm for traditional British sports and pastimes that is sweeping, or eddying in small intellectual circles, across the Continent. Among the first-fruits of a cult that might be described as little short of a craze is the best-selling Spanish novel, *Foxes of Pitschley*, by Margarina Esteem (Ediciones Vacabrava y Olé, Tossa 1955), which literary critics throughout the Peninsula have acclaimed as "a masterpiece of readability," "not half colourful," "it out-suttees Surtees," and "a hefty gem." With its striking reconstruction of life in the shires, Señorita Esteem's book has sold like the proverbial cold omelets on railway stations from Tharagotha to Ca'i, and bids fair to oust the popular idols of the bullring from their place in the hearts of her compatriots. Where football has failed to put a stop to the most dangerous of blood-sports, we may now hope that the gentle art of fox-hunting will catch the Castilian fancy.

The extravagant length of the novel in question, and the fact that it is written in a mixture of Spanish, English, and Andalusian, have defied every effort of the translator to furnish a sample of so notable a work that would do justice to the peculiar qualities of its essentially southern and romantic style. As, however, for the British public the chief interest of *Foxes of Pitschley* lies in the useful Glossary which the authoress has kindly appended to her book for the guidance of Spaniards uninitiated in the secrets of the chase, we have reproduced the Glossary alone.

GLOSSARY

Ack: Cockney term for the decrepit old horses favoured by the local sportsmen for their meet.

Ack-ack: Archaic plural form of the above. Two or more horses may constitute a quorum to decide which way to go.

Arf-a-mo: Cry, in dialect, of a huntsman (thruster) intent on taking the lead at a gate, ravine, or other obstacle.

Ayudado: A "helped" pass, as when a rider is helped across the barrera with both hands.



"There appear to be a few commodities still within reach of the people."

Ballyhoo: A corruption of Tally-ho.
Barrera: A fence.

Blooding: Time-honoured rite whereby a junior huntsman is raised to senior rank. Toasts are drunk and a loving-cup of mulled fox's blood passes from hand to hand. The primitive charm of this simple ceremony surpasses that of any quaint old custom which we observe with our brave bulls at home.

Brush: Tail of the fierce fox awarded to the matador for his skill. Ears are no longer regarded as suitable trophies in the best hunting circles.

Cavalier: An obsolete term. Any foreign fan who employs it merely betrays his ignorance.

Chase: Collective word for hunting, as we would say *el foxeo*. Do not confuse with "chaser," which is only another excuse for a drink.

Cover: (1) Protective cuirass. Its use is now enforced by Law as a sop to the squeamish. (2) Drawing cover: a technical manoeuvre requiring great courage and dexterity for defeating the natural querencia of the fox and killing him within the stipulated time-limit.

Dog: Both fox-dogs and dog-foxes are engaged in the hunt, but never bull-dogs. Also called hounds, but not

blood-hounds, although the fiesta itself is a blood-sport. These finer points take a lot of explaining—but what do you expect in a novel? For accuracy see Jorrocks or Sir Alfred Munnings.

Ferdinand: A particular fox that became famous for its extraordinary cowardice and typically English love of whimsy.

Gee-up!: Order to mount.

Ground, go to: The involuntary action of falling from the horse, which provides the occasional comic relief needed to enliven this otherwise tragic ritual (Hemingway).

Half-hunter: Young huntsman or novice who, until he is "blooded," must be content to keep watch and record the time taken to destroy each fox, horse, hound or huntsman who meets with an accident in the course of the run, or corrida.

Hound: This trusty creature, the Englishman's next-best friend, does all the dirty work for him in the hunting field.

Mash: Worn by everyone out hunting, with a stiff upper lip to denote contempt for danger. The type of mask that belongs to the fox itself may be purchased by tourists as a souvenir.

Nag: Another word for the hunting man's horse or spouse.

Noggin: Copita, of course.

Pink: (1) Jolly good, first class, as "in the pink of condition." (2) Picturesque regional costume of the senior riders to hounds. It can be any colour, according to the rank of the Master of the pack and the breed of the fox pursued, because (as everyone should know by now) foxes are colour-blind. (3) A Liberal or intellectual.

Quarry: The fox again—or maybe a vixen. The English, when bent on sport, make little or no distinction between the sexes—other things, such as the danger incurred, being equal.

Red: (1) The complexion and clothing adopted by huntsmen as a protective disguise while chasing the fox. (2) Seen by British sportsmen at the mention of bull-baiting—possibly because red is everywhere the accepted symbol of danger. Hence the well-known phrases, "red rag to a fox" and "drawing the thin red line somewhere." (3) A Republican or intellectual.

Reynard: A fox whose name has come down to us as a byword for cunning. This gallant animal's life was spared after it had unseated seventeen horsemen by a ruse. A call went up for more horses, but by then they were all hacked to bits. How different were those good old days from the decadent modern spectacle which we now witness in the hunting arena!



"Sure I'll promise you my vote—what's a promise worth in politics?"

Rum-un: A foreigner.

Scent: Displeasing at first to the sensitive stranger who is unused to the pungent blend of strong, wet smells which the true aficionado relishes as an indispensable accompaniment to a day with the foxes. Often it is enhanced by a whiff of *Je Reviens* at the more exclusive chases.

Seat: Usually applied to the horse, though arising—as an equestrian term—from the English saddle, which bears no resemblance to a chair but is shaped like a poultice or a tortilla. (2) Country seat—one of the great fox-raising ranches in the Midlands.

Shires: Region where the fiercest foxes are trained and tested. Sometimes poetically described by romantic northerners as "the dreaming shires."

Sport: British for fox-hunts, not futbol.

Tally-ho!: Shout of the fans in full cry (i.e. in the heat of the pursuit).

Trap: Humane method of exterminating most pests other than the special breed of foxes which is reserved for sport.

View-hullo!: Greeting among members of the hunting fraternity.

Weather: A fascinating, typical term in the local jargon, but wholly untranslatable and frequently unprintable.

Whip: A vile expedient, now rarely resorted to, for "reviving" laggard foxes.

Wind 'im!: Exultant cry of the mob giving vent to its bloodlust. Similar to "Windy!" in futbol parlance.

Wolf: Wolf-hunts are also organized in packs, but the order of procedure is then reversed, for the man runs in front of the wolves, instead of a number of men and women following a single fox.

Yoicks: Peasants, onlookers.

Ballade of a Tertium Quid

OUR politics were always cut and dried,
And on the whole we wanted them that way.
Each side knew who was on the other side
And by and large expected them to stay.
The one essential was on polling day
To up and galvanize the old machine
And see that none of our lot went astray—
And then a Liberal had to intervene.

Either he's being taken for a ride,
Or, as I heard one party worker say,
His candidature isn't bona fide,
But simply meant to chisel votes away
From them as wouldn't be so free to pay:
Which might be legal, but which she called mean.
We hadn't any wish to rig the play,
And then a Liberal had—to intervene.

Which means, with nothing but the party guide,
We find ourselves expected to display
A grip on matters much more rarefied
Than either side intended to survey;
And all because on nomination day
A buffer who at different times had been
In M.I.S., and then in M.R.A.,
And then a Liberal, had to intervene.

Envoi

Principles quite apart, it does betray
A kind of pettiness, a touch of spleen.
There we both were, as blithe as birds in May,
And then a Liberal had to intervene.

P. M. HUBBARD

This Way to Westminster

Choosing a Seat



IT is odd in this age of technical education, when courses are available on almost every conceivable way of earning a living, that no one has thought it worth while to produce a manual for the politician.

There are, admittedly, a variety of works which purport to instruct in the Art of Public Speaking. Too many of these are concerned merely with the labial consonants and the art of giving full value to the vowel. We do not underestimate the usefulness of these instructions to those who gain a livelihood by public recitation, but we think that the number of elections whose results have turned upon a difference of enunciation have been few, and that this emphasis on clear diction is unnecessarily discouraging to the political aspirant with a pronounced stutter or no roof to his mouth (conditions which may indeed, if properly handled, prove of marked advantage). This type of work usually contains a number of poems and other pieces which, the authors assert, are "suitable for every occasion." Except, we suggest, an election meeting.

We propose to offer some more practical advice and to address ourselves to the single-minded student who is animated by a no less worthy purpose than to get into the House of Commons and stay there.

There is no matter to which the serious beginner can more usefully direct his attention than the choice of a party. There are certain tracts of country, not exactly delimited but tolerably distinguishable, where the predominance of one political party is so overwhelming and so constant as to render adherence to any other cause altogether foolhardy. Young men in the first flush of political enthusiasm, especially when gifted with some small aptitude for public speaking, are inclined to underestimate the strength of those local predilections. They imagine that the fortresses which have so long proved themselves impregnable against every assault of reason and argument will miraculously surrender to their magic tongues. If any reader shares this

By JOHN FOOT

illusion we can only offer him a solemn warning against the sin of vanity.

These are the "safe seats," and it would be superfluous to point out that there is no more solid asset with which the ambitious politician can equip himself than one of these. Such is the unshakable resistance of these places to all persuasion and pressure that their parliamentary representatives may indulge in any kind of political folly or personal indiscretion without jeopardizing their careers. The electors are equally unaffected by any physical or other incapacity in their candidate, so long as he proclaims himself devoted to their favoured party. The infirm, the senile and the mentally deranged have all, at one time or another, demonstrated that these unhappy disabilities, so often fatal in other walks of life, need be no bar to political advancement.

To advise the beginner to pick himself a safe seat is to advocate a policy of perfection. Even so, it may be of value to set out the two normal methods of acquisition.

The first is inheritance. It is not a bad plan for a young man to devote his time to ingratiating himself with the present holder of one of these valuable properties, preferably, of course, with a gentleman whose life of useful service

to the State is approaching its natural end. There is a tradition which regards safe seats as the private possession of the incumbent—so much so that the constituents are usually prepared to treat their dying Member's nomination of his successor as a sacred trust. It should be borne in mind, however, that a lifetime of political activity and the possession of a safe seat have often resulted in remarkable longevity, and cases are on record of Members who have outlived their usefulness, their contemporaries and even their appointed successors.

The other method is the straightforward purchase. It is difficult to give precise figures, but as a rough guide we would say that a flat subscription of £500 per annum and the payment of all election expenses (approximately £800 every four or five years) would be a reasonable opening bid for a good Tory property within convenient train distance of London. This figure is based on the assumption that the candidate has no noticeable political views of his own, which is normally a condition of sale. A certain old-world delicacy surrounds the actual negotiations for the purchase, and the candidate who goes down to do business with a local executive committee may be amused to find that the proceedings are prefaced by some discussion of political principles.

He will do well to treat these traditional preliminaries with as much solemnity as he can assume.



"I'm afraid I won't be able to sit to-day."

WE record with deep regret the dissolution of the late Government, the first of the reign of Queen Elizabeth II, at the age of four.

The life of this successful and popular Government was a splendid example of determination to triumph at all costs

There was something about the Government that inspired, almost throughout its life, the most steadfast loyalty from its friends, even when the slight tendency towards capriciousness and inconsistency which undoubtedly formed part of its make-up came out

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Obituary



over adverse circumstances. The Government was born with a short majority, a handicap that might well have driven a less stubborn assembly into premature retirement. Numerous attempts were made at by-elections to remedy this condition, and some improvement was achieved from time to time; but no permanent cure was effected, and to the end of its days the Government was liable to sudden attacks of Swingler's disease or Crossman's hyperpathy which kept it up all night. In spite of this disability the Government was able to pass a number of measures that might well have taxed the strength of a more robust body.

Born in 1951

The Government was born in 1951 in circumstances far from prosperous. A legacy from its immediate forbear proved to consist principally of debts, and it was one of the Government's most strenuous desires to restore its estates to some semblance of prosperity. As its friends will testify, it succeeded to a very large extent in fulfilling this ambition, though it must be recorded that a great number of its post-war creditors went unsatisfied.

most strongly. But as Emerson has wisely written, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds"; and if the Government in the ebullience of its youth spoke in favour of restoring the University seats, only to announce in its early middle-age that it stood firmly by the principle of "one man, one vote," it should be accorded praise for the ability with which it perceived where its best interests lay rather than blame for abandoning a belief that had outlived its usefulness. And if, as must be confessed, its resolution to reform the House of Lords was more notable for the frequency with which it was expressed than for the energy with which it was pursued, it must not be forgotten that the Peers were at all times the devoted friends of the Government and might have construed any such action as ingratitude.

Easily Condoned

Such little acts of inconsistency were easily condoned by the Government's friends, but its political opponents were sometimes inclined to accuse it of weakness, hypocrisy and even of double-dealing. Less open to serious criticism

were the amiable eccentricities to which the Government became prone in its last years, such as initiating nation-wide searches for imaginary telegrams and appearing in public with a pair of Garters on its front bench.

Source of Grief

It was an enduring source of grief to the Government that its many acts of generosity should so often have been interpreted by its opponents as self-seeking. At all times solicitous for the welfare of those who voted for it, the Government built a great number of dwellings for the poor, and was immediately criticized by its enemies for not having built schools or hospitals. When it launched a scheme for repairing old and tumbledown buildings, the proposals were labelled a "landlord's charter" and, in the even more wounding phrase of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, a "mouldy turnip." The ever-growing sums which it handed out in charity to the poor and the aged were thrown back in its face with the complaint that they were not enough. These acts of petty ingratitude burnt deeply into the

sensibilities of the Government, but never deflected it from the course of what it felt to be eleemosynary rectitude. Even in the last week of its life it was distributing largesse, first to certain classes of pensioners, then to manufacturers of cotton and linen piece-goods; and it is sad to record that on both occasions its motives were misunderstood as tragically as ever.

British Chicory

In 1954 the Government identified itself with the British chicory-growers, and in this resounding cause beat back the foreign invaders with a glorious duty of five shillings per hundredweight on the imported product.

Towards the end of its life, the Government began to show signs of suffering from its head. These sufferings,

bore with the same degree of fortitude as had been shown in its other indispositions—such as the painful split that resulted from the evacuation of the Suez Canal zone—were kept secret for a long time, and many of the Government's friends remained totally unaware of them until they became so acute that an operation could no longer be postponed. The delicate operation for the removal of the head was performed in April of this year, and for a time, after the new head had grown, it seemed as if the Government would recover all its youthful vigour. Unfortunately the improvement was not maintained, and the Government finally succumbed on May 6.

It leaves a million houses, an alternative television programme, an unrationed larder, a coal strike and an adverse balance of trade.

* * * * *

Superannuation Bill. One day this was adopted as an item of Government policy, and the next it had been quietly allowed to slide so far down the Order Paper that time could not be found for a second reading! Although I became less intimate with the Government after that time, I shall never forget the light-hearted way in which this nimble *volte-face* was executed.

A correspondent writes:

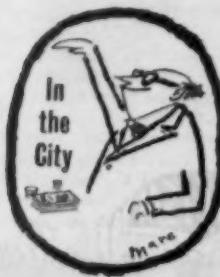
"H.M.G." as we affectionately knew it, will always be remembered by the inhabitants of Vietnam for the part it played in securing peace and security there after the devastating civil war from which we in French Indo-China had suffered so long. Endowed with courage and tenacity above the ordinary and a degree of foresight rare in such circles, "H.M.G." by its timely intervention, secured a settlement of our troubles which undoubtedly gave great satisfaction in many quarters. Many a citizen of Saigon must have paused lately, as he laboured at putting out his burning house, to mutter a few words of thanks to "H.M.G." to whom, as he cannot forget, he very largely owes his present security.

B. A. YOUNG





"You can have West Indian labour or 'Music While You Work,' but not both."



Waiting For It

RECENT bumper returns by the giants of British industry have had little effect on the stock market. The bulls are quiet, hoarding their optimism until Gallupian forecasts of the election outcome have been proved either sadly correct or gloriously wrong. A kindly Budget and a temporary abatement of industrial unrest have also proved poor stimulants—so much so that the *Investors' Chronicle* has thought fit to print a pretty gloomy piece headed "What Happens in a Bear Market?" (In fairness to the excellent "I.C." let me add that the article was prefaced with the explanation: "It should not be taken as implying that the bull market is over and that a bear market has begun.") Everything stops for the election.

In a period less crowded with matters of national importance the returns of Imperial Chemicals, Bowater and other mammoth enterprises would certainly have touched off a buying spree. The results declared are outstandingly good and in almost every case hold the promise of even more spectacular successes in the coming year. Take I.C.I., the largest single producer in private hands, and therefore marked down in Labour's election manifesto as ripe for the healing treatment of nationalization: the final dividend is 6 per cent, making 10 per cent for the full year, and this after the company's capital has been doubled.

The year's profit (before tax) is £47·7 millions, a figure struck after providing some £2·7 millions to cover the cost of a new co-partnership scheme. Under this plan employees of two and a half years' standing will receive a bonus of 5 per cent. The funds will be invested in Ordinary shares, which will be held by trustees and handed over as soon as the worker's nominal holding reaches £25.

Co-partnership schemes are often frowned upon by economic theorists. It is unfair, they say, to expect the worker to risk his capital and his job in the same industrial unit. It is a mistake,

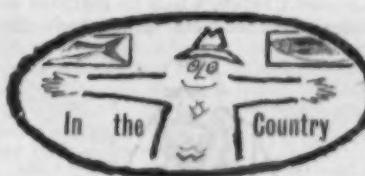
they say, for the small capitalist to dabble in the risks of the equities market. If there is any truth in these assertions, then the I.C.I. plan steers clear of major criticism by giving the employee the option of selling out as soon as his holding reaches £25. But whether, as is claimed, the device will really promote better understanding between company and workers is, I think, doubtful.

The Bowater Paper Corporation has also shown a prodigious improvement in its returns. The gross trading surplus, on an annual basis, has jumped to £10,500,000, and net profit to £4,700,000—enough to furnish Ordinary shareholders with a dividend of 18 per cent (24 per cent on the capital as it was before the one-for-three scrip issue). These figures have surprised the City

and shocked certain critics, representatives of those sections of the Press which are customers of the corporation. Normally the City commentators rejoice when profits soar, even when there is clear evidence that the public is being mulcted, and their special pleading in the case of their own bread-and-butter, newsprint, is a bit of artless duplicity.

Newsprint prices are too high—which prices are not?—but Bowater maintain that the greater part of their earnings is derived from interests overseas, and for this reason the damage done by the newspaper strike should not make any appreciable difference to the corporation's march of progress.

All things considered the Ordinary shares of I.C.I. and Bowater do not seem too dear at their pre-election prices. But we shall see. MAMMON



Side Line

THE income tax cut of sixpence in the pound has failed to lessen the burden on lobsters. They are still the prey of every super-tax payer. Indeed, one of the advantages of our rocky shore is that it is comparatively easy to augment one's income and offset the inroads of punitive taxes by making casual earnings out of hobbies which are anything but casual or occasional.

With lobsters fetching a minimum of 5/- per lb. and prawns selling at 1/3 each wholesale there isn't a taxpayer within reach of the coast who hasn't been pushed to this lucrative pastime.

In Devon and Cornwall the season begins during April; and May finds the beaches busy. The fishermen are recruited mainly from the professional classes. None of the farm labourers or workers in the lower income groups can be bothered to follow the tide. They have no incentive. Schoolmasters with the Burnham Scale to goad them make the most enthusiastic lobsterites, though vicars are hard to beat, especially if they are burdened with a large family and a vicarage in constant need of repairs. And since churchmen work only one day a week many of us feel that they have an unfair advantage over us in this predatory pursuit.

The method we employ to catch the fish is to attach a piece of rotten meat—and the more putrid the better—to a bamboo cane. We thrust this into the pool so as to pollute the water and wake the lobster's appetite, then we prod the stick under the rocks and tease the lobsters out into our nets. They are obliging fish and continue to frequent the same rocks irrespective of the losses they have suffered the tide before.

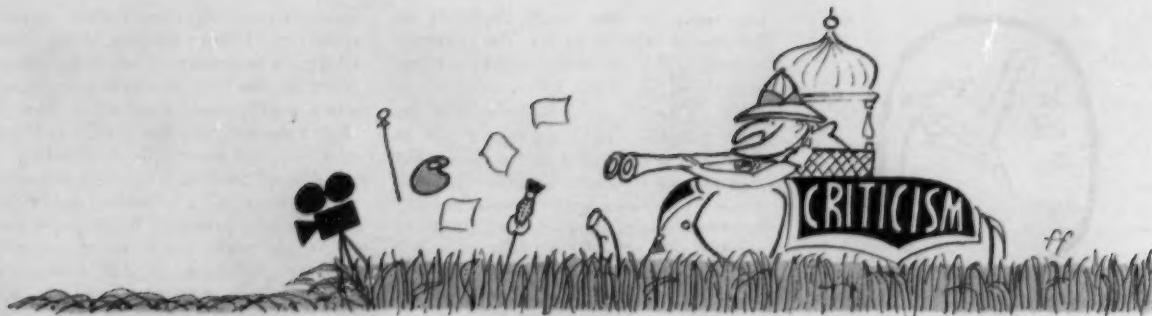
But we got a nasty shock last week when a small motor boat began chugging to and fro in the bay. We were furious when the Colonel, looking through his glasses, announced that the intruder at the wheel was none other than our local income tax inspector. Hurriedly we hid our haul. But there was no need. Apparently he too has his financial problems. But we saw his method of overcoming them is likely to prove more effective than ours.

"The cad's dropping pots," cried the schoolmaster, who always imitates his pupils in moments of crisis. "He'll nab our fish before they crawl ashore."

But our vicar simply smiled. "I know how to nobble him," he said. "Get me a dogfish to wipe over his pots whilst he's ashore. It won't leave a trace, but the lobsters can't stand the smell. He'll never catch another."

So to-night we commit crime without punishment in order that the inspector's hobby does not infringe his regulations concerning casual earnings. And this will at least keep his conscience clear when dealing with ours.

We are a thoughtful community.
RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Dostoevsky en Touriste

Summer Impressions. Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated with an Introduction by Kyrił Fitzlyon. Illustrated by Philippe Julian. Calder, 9/6

In the summer of 1862 Dostoevsky spent three weeks in Paris and one in London. He wrote his impressions of these cities for his periodical *Vremya* (*Time*). They are here reproduced, translated by Mr. Kyrił Fitzlyon, who also supplies an excellent introduction. What Dostoevsky has to say is of great interest for all kinds of reasons; but on account chiefly of the landmark this book makes in the development of the writer's point of view: scarcely less from the light it throws on the perennial orientation of Russian sentiment *vis-à-vis* Western Europe.

I have said it before, and I say it again, that the key to contemporary Russia is to be found far more easily in the great Russian novelists than in all the books on theoretical socialism and communism ever written. This is specially true of Dostoevsky, who exemplifies the power-worshipping provincialism of the Russian mind at its most sinister. He is, I think, one of the least attractive figures who ever lived; and one has the greatest sympathy with the hearty detestation that Turgenev, and many other of his own contemporaries, felt for him.

However, this does not prevent Dostoevsky from being a very considerable novelist—though whether he is quite so overwhelming a genius as his most fervent admirers would certainly claim is another matter. His confused and repetitive style, his literary tricks, heavy-handed breeziness, crude characterization, discursiveness, and delight in horrible situations for their own sake, rather than for their intrinsic interest, are none of them commendable qualities in a novelist.

Mr. Fitzlyon points out that in

Summer Impressions Dostoevsky first ventilates his ideas on a "brotherly friendship," which must "exist in nature." The individualism of the West was anathema to him, since in his eyes it militated against this "brotherly friendship." He was also bitterly opposed to socialism and the Roman Catholic Church, which he regarded as ultimately the same thing—both the



heritage of the Imperial Roman idea, binding men together by artificial ties.

In Paris he found nothing but commercial materialism, a fearful hypocrisy, police spies, and obsequious worship of the Emperor. In London, huge areas given over to drink and prostitution: palatial gin-palaces glittering through the fog in which the people took their debaucheries sadly. It is of interest, therefore, that he reversed the more conventional view of the English as a nation of shopkeepers, and the French as given over to sexual licence.

Now it should be noted that a Frenchman, the Marquis de Custine, a generation earlier, had complained of the very things in Russia that Dostoevsky complains of in France. Custine, too, had stayed for a very brief period. His book had given great offence. Here

we have a fundamental principle of Russian propaganda. If some specific matter is wrong in the U.S.S.R., then that is the very thing which is wrong with Western Europe. Is there an artificially contrived famine in the Ukraine? Then the starving peasants of Europe are being forced to give up their corn to rapacious landlords. Is bacteriological warfare contemplated by the military authorities of the Soviet? Then the American forces in Asia are accused of bacteriological warfare.

Just how Dostoevsky's Slavophil integration of the world into "brotherly friendship" would have worked he never makes clear. It had elements of Marxism, a contempt for Western liberalism in any form, and an intense Russian nationalism. To Dostoevsky, the social revolution seemed imminent in Europe, but he thought, as Mr. Fitzlyon says, "no proletarian revolution is possible in Russia for the simple reason that the Russian proletariat is not only contented but is becoming increasingly so." Mr. Fitzlyon gives an interesting analysis of the sources from which Dostoevsky drew his various, often hopelessly inconsistent, ideas. His short essay is a really admirable piece of work. M. Philippe Julian's pictures have their usual charm, though they perhaps palliate too much Dostoevsky's innate savagery and nagging ill-humour in his way of looking at his Parisians and Londoners.

ANTHONY POWELL

Whose Hoax?

The Piltdown Fantasy. Francis Vere. Cassell, 8/6

Here are all the fascinating facts about the human cranium and the ape's jaw which Charles Dawson dug up at Piltdown and which became the "Piltdown man." Mr. Vere is concerned to show that Dawson himself did not fake the find, but that he, Smith Woodward and Fr. Teilhard were deceived by some still unidentified hoaxer, and that all the eminent scientists who examined the

remains were so casual that the hoax went unperceived.

Explaining that he deprecates "ponderousness in serious matters," Mr. Vere oscillates between heavy jocularities and that orotund indignation that follows the words "Surely, Sir" in letters to the *Daily Telegraph*; also he is a trifle careless. But if his argument is less than crystal-clear, at least it makes a useful peg on which to hang an amazing story.

B. A. Y.

Bull Fever. Kenneth Tynan. *Longman's*, 18/-

It is notoriously difficult to make actors live on the page. If anybody could do it Mr. Tynan could, and he very nearly succeeds with the matadors whom he treats as the stars of an infinitely varied drama that needs as knowledgeable an audience as ballet or cricket or surgery. He shows that he feels the force of the traditional British objections to bull-fighting, but he goes on from the point of suspended disgust and makes the personal experience comprehensible and vivid.

The odd bits of travel writing and the malice about the foreign *aficionados* are as brilliant as the set pieces of description. Whatever Mr. Tynan's defects he can write, a not unimportant qualification for the professional writer. Where he stands out from the ruck of good writers, with their breath-taking metaphors and discoveries of what once discovered is obvious, is in persistently pursuing an intellectual quest. Mr. Tynan can enjoy an experience (there are few better describers of pleasure), but he is always thrusting through the experience towards problems of aesthetics.

R. G. G. P.

The Royal Hunt. Pierre Moinot. *Hamish Hamilton*, 10/6

In the process of translating this book from the French novel *La Chasse Royale*, Eithne Wilkins has shown a remarkable ability in retaining the excellent descriptions of the forest in its many moods. The reader does not require much

imagination to share the deer-stalking in the uplands of the Vosges, revel in the solitude of the wooded slopes and enjoy the scent of the pines.

The inevitable romance is secondary to the hunt and depicts the hero, Philippe Lussac, as a man torn between his passion for the chase with all its attendant dangers and thrills and Hélène, whose one desire is to see the hunter thwarted. Philippe, exultant in his admiration of the beauty of his prey but remorseful after the kill, seems to be attempting to escape from love, which he considers a more serious form of slaughter.

A. V.

John Milton. Kenneth Muir. (Men and Books). *Longman's*, 10/6

Professor Muir's sensible little book summarizes some recent biographical and literary research on Milton and takes account of the various attacks and defences into which Miltonic criticism has fallen during this century. He is good on the favourable accounts of Milton, so often ignored in describing the grim-browed Puritan railing at his daughters: many people found him gay and friendly and a vigorous talker at meals. When he was dictating "he sat leaning backward obliquely in an easy chair with his leg thrown over the elbow of it."

Professor Muir is a little apt to prefer vague praises to precise assessments, but when he has the space, as in the important discussion of *Paradise Regained*, his quotations are convincing and his argument forcible. He usefully removes some of the fashionable obstacles to the enjoyment of Milton. He cannot, of course, do much with the literary equivalent of tone-deafness and colour-blindness except suggest that they are no cause for self-congratulation.

R. G. G. P.

The Boy in the Ivy. Linwood Sleigh. *Faber*, 10/6

A children's book: about eleven to fifteen years old. A likeable boy suddenly has to cope with a large coven of witches who are upsetting the weather on his holidays; he gets a good deal of help from a young satyr and manages in the end. The treatment is episodic but not patchy, and the witchcraft is more accurate than it usually is in children's books but isn't likely to cause nightmares. The book gives the impression of being a series of bedtime stories successfully turned into a single tale. It is not overwritten.

P. D.

Most Likely to Succeed. John dos Passos. *Robert Hale*, 10/6

American Leftist writer's progress, from 1926 and \$25 weekly as dramatist-director of an experimental group theatre, to Pearl Harbour and large salary scripting Hollywood quickies. Jed Morris, a muddled-minded, loud-mouthed self-deceiver, uses radical



"Labour will establish an alternative public television service, free from advertising."

politics to advance his career, finally becoming Vice-President of the Film Writers Association and a crypto-communist. Though short, pot-bellied, and pop-eyed, the dames all go for him (he prefers them tall, gaunt, and tweedy, like the frightful Felicia, who calls him "Feller"), and his own inability to resist the snob-sex-appeal of an arrogant, ill-mannered, former member of "high society, plush horse circles," who smells of morocco leather, leads to a heart seizure when she is revealed to be a Federal agent.

J. M.-R.

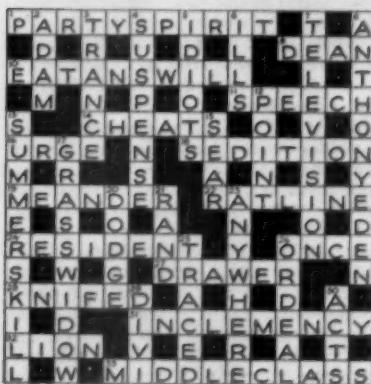
AT THE PLAY

King Henry IV (Old Vic)
The Tender Trap (Saville)
The Midnight Family (Arts)

THREE years ago at the Old Vic **DOUGLAS SEALE**, of the Birmingham Rep., gave us all three parts of *Henry VI* with a vigour and balance which will long be remembered. Now his production of both parts of *Henry IV*, played on successive nights, carries the same distinction and brings to the current theatre list two evenings which easily top it for interest and excitement. Mr. SEALE is not one of your catherine-wheel producers trying to brighten Shakespeare with undergraduate tricks. He is faithful to his author and to history, he has an acute sense of character, and he understands how overwhelming in the theatre can be a sudden change of mood.

Here his judgment of Falstaff and Prince Hal is not only brilliant but consistent. Instead of the old carefree monster of tradition, PAUL ROGERS' Falstaff, leaner and considerably dilapidated, is already some of the way downhill. He can still enjoy himself on occasion,

ELECTION CROSSWORD SOLUTION



but anxiety lies in his eye. He realizes that the good days are numbered, and even when he still succeeds in talking himself out of trouble it is clear that no one knows better than he how close a thing it was. Mr. ROGERS' performance is so uniformly intelligent that Falstaff's wit sits him naturally; it may lose a little in boisterous fun (no great loss), but it gains enormously in irony and pathos. The pathos is never stressed; at the very end it is the little flick of his finger giving his page the cue for escape that moves us more than his humiliation by the king; and added to it is the failure of a social climber whose accent caught off guard gives him away.

The Prince is also conscious of a new era. Even in the tavern you can see him taking an accurate measure of Falstaff. Until the final scenes he remains gently tolerant, but we know and so does Falstaff that once he is king there will be no more nonsense. ROBERT HARDY conveys this perfectly in a very strong and charming performance that passes with complete conviction from the nervous gaiety of an aimless youth to the sincerity of an unusually responsible adult. No doubt of the reasons for his popularity in the pubs, and yet no doubt that he has in him the stuff for Henry the Fifth.

JOHN NEVILLE makes a fine Hotspur and a whirlwind Pistol, and PAUL

DANEMAN an ominous Worcester followed, in a miraculous transformation, by an extremely funny Shallow, withered with senility and malice. RACHEL ROBERTS and GWEN CHERRELL draw fruitfully on Hogarth for Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet; VIRGINIA MCKENNA is a delightful Lady Mortimer and ANN TODD a likely wife to Hotspur. A rich Bardolph, by RONALD FRASER—and there the list must end, but such is Mr. SEALE's skill that everyone becomes a character, though not all can speak verse. For once these two superb plays are given their dramatic value without obscuring their importance as major studies in the art of being a king. AUDREY CRUDDAS dresses them well. Her solid set satisfies the eye, but its deep steps seem awkward ground for some of the most gruelling stage fights I can remember.

Two flimsy new plays have arrived, *The Tender Trap* and *The Midnight Family*. The first is a smart American comedy, by MAX SHULMAN and ROBERT PAUL SMITH, compounded mainly of sex and whisky. The most is made of it by a brisk cast which includes BRIAN REECE, DAPHNE ANDERSON, GERALDINE MC EWAN and PHIL BROWN, and also by the ingenuity of CHARLES HICKMAN's production; but my laughter faded as I lost

the feeling that *The Seven Year Itch* might have found a successor.

The Midnight Family is a clumsy fantasy translated by GILLIAN WINTER from the French of CHARLES DORAT. It describes the visit of a celestial public relations team equipped with the solid bodies of three generations of a defunct family, and dispatched from the beyond to smooth the path of death, by the curious method of climbing, all five of them, into the client's bed in the manner of an unnaturally proper music-hall sketch. How this slum-crowding can help disembodiment goes unexplained; so does the fact that people still die in Paris in the daytime. The attractive girl-ghost nearly lures the hero across the gulf, but needless to say the team has come to the wrong address. ELAINE USHER and EMRYNS JONES work very hard, against stilted dialogue and a preposterous situation.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Good acting in *The Bad Seed* (Aldwych—20/4/55). Rattigan's *Separate Tables* (St. James's—29/9/54) still heads the new plays. *Sailor Beware!* (Strand—23/2/55) for homely laughter. ERIC KEOWN



AT THE OPERA

The Bartered Bride
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE village square and the village inn and the girls and men milling and dancing and drinking there made a pat and pretty picture. Too pat, too pretty in fact. I was reminded of hand-picked peasant pottery with an embroidered peasant blouse or two in a Bloomsbury tea-house window alongside plates of scones and pots of home made jam.

JAN BRAZDA's designs have a light-weight gaiety pleasing in its own right but not altogether relevant. This is old Bohemia in the idiom of the tourist poster, more arty than earthy. What the sets and the dresses quite fail to reflect or chime with is the sheer goodness of SMETANA's music, the pulse of affection that beats under its finely textured surface.

What made the visual deficiency inescapable was RAFAEL KUBELIK's dedicated exuberance in the orchestral pit. Over SMETANA's score he hovered, swooped and writhed as purposefully as he does over Janácek's on *Katya Kabanova* nights at Sadler's Wells. In both cases he puts a fire and loveliness into the orchestral playing which, putting the thing at its lowest, are not to be taken for granted at either house. Is it the fervent Czech exile in him that produces these results? Or just plain cosmopolitan talent? We shall know better when, starting next October, he has been in the saddle at Covent Garden for a season or two as musical director.



[*The Tender Trap*

Julie Gillis—GERALDINE MC EWAN

Charlie Reader—BRIAN REECE

The classical repertory lies ahead of him. And nationalism gives no clue to the classics.

In the circumstances the Garden orchestra beat everybody on the stage by a good furlong—with one exception. PETER PEARS adds Vasek, the stammering oaf, to Pandarus, Grimes and Quint in a portrait gallery of rare span and mastery. ELSIE MORISON always sings prettily, to say no more; but neither she, as Marenka, nor JOHN LANIGAN, as Marenka's sweetheart, were in really confident form. Somewhere in FREDERICK DALBERG a powerful actor is buried. Of that I am sure from his Claggart in *Billy Budd* and his quack doctor in *Wozzeck*. He must, however, be on the watch against turning himself into a cliché. His marriage-broker was his Baron Ochs all over again: same strut, grin, flourishing hand and off-centre gruffness.

The production, CHRISTOPHER WEST's, should be de-fussed here and there. In the maypole scene two young men manœuvred a step-ladder with singular ineptitude. One good thing: there was no public-decorations contractor in the house. If there had been he would certainly have swarmed over the footlights and cuffed those fumblers off the stage.

CHARLES REID



Matt Dow—JAMES CAGNEY

Davey Bishop—JOHN DEREK

(Run for Cover)

AT THE PICTURES

Run for Cover
La Rage au Corps

SCENERY (magnificently presented in Technicolor and Paramount's own big-screen process, Vista-Vision) is an even more important ingredient of *Run for Cover* (Director: NICHOLAS RAY) than it is of most Westerns; but important above all, of course, is JAMES CAGNEY, whose electric vitality would wake up anything.

All the same, this is in itself more than the conventional Western, which is usually—and to astonishingly good effect, as I have often observed—no more in essentials than a rearrangement of quite familiar scenes and characters. Here to be sure we do get the train hold-up (or what amounts to one), and the saloon arguments, and the pursuit of the bad men across the desert, and the gun-play, and other things we have seen before; but apart from all this we get a character portrait of "rugged Matt Dow," as the synopsis calls him, who is played by Mr. CAGNEY. This is a personage Cagney-esque enough, but considerably older than the usual film hero. As a sort of father-son relationship develops between him and the young man (JOHN DEREK) of whom he says "my boy would be just about his age if he'd lived," one expects rugged Matt Dow to end the film in the customary manner of character parts, beaming on the young people's kiss-clinch.

The ending turns out, however, to be quite different, and the gradual revelation of the true state of affairs is a strong

factor in building suspense and keeping interest alive. I won't reveal it here; enough to say that the story concerns the arrival of rugged Matt Dow at the little town of Madison (in the eighties, perhaps? —I don't think we're told exactly), his displacement of the unpopular sheriff, and his insistence on the rule of law in a community rather given to lynching and similar hasty and irrevocable judgments. VIVECA LINDFORS is a charming heroine, there are many good character-sketches among the townspeople and bad men, and the picture of the little town's life itself—there is an excellent scene in church, for instance (the intruding gunman scrupulously removes his hat)—is full of well-written and well-directed passages. The ending is a bit "easy" and pat, but I quite liked the film; though I rather doubt what it would have been without Mr. CAGNEY.

La Rage au Corps (Director: RALPH HABIB) is a far less conventional work, more honest and in detail much closer to reality. The title is translated as *Fire in the Blood*: in effect, it means nymphomania.

The central figure is Clara (FRANÇOISE ARNOUL), whom we see first as the wife of Tonio (RAYMOND PELLEGRIN). He finds her prostrate with a bullet-wound, and then comes a long flashback, most of the film, which shows her earlier life and their meeting. Clara worked at a canteen for the men building a dam in the Pyrenees. The pictures of the work on this dam are most impressive, convincing, and well woven into the story (for after all they are there only to display her

opportunities for promiscuity and her first encounter with Tonio, a foreman on the project). She goes to Paris as the wife of Tonio, falls for the young man next door who lives on the earnings of prostitutes, and . . . and so prepares the way for the revolver-shot, which comes in its proper place in a repetition of the opening sequence.

Here again the ending seems too pat, and improbably hopeful: simply, a doctor says nymphomania can be cured, and we are left to assume that all will be well with the uneasy pair. Nevertheless the detail and scene-setting, whether in the Pyrenees or in Paris (where the pimp manages a boxer) are absorbingly good.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

One of LUCIANO EMMER's excellent films about artists and their work, *Picasso*, enlivens for forty-three minutes the Academy programme, which is mainly devoted to a heavy (though visually pleasing) Swedish drama of circus life, *Sawdust and Tinsel*. Brightest film in London: *The Constant Husband* (4/5/55). *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) continues, and there is a day or so left of *The Prisoner* (4/5/55). CHAPLIN's *The Gold Rush* (the 1942 synchronized version) can be found at the National Film Theatre from the 15th to the 18th.

Releases include *Above Us the Waves* (13/4/55), straightforward stuff about midget submarines in the war, and *Make Me an Offer* (22/12/54), a version of WOLF MANKOWITZ's novel, which I found remarkably enjoyable.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

"What's Wrong With This Picture?"

WHEN is a documentary not a documentary? The term is now used by the B.B.C. to describe a variety of programmes, from the straight thesis on some serious social problem to the gay patch-work of film and studio reconstruction that is, quite clearly, merely a vehicle for the talents of some star personality and an excuse to set the cameras a-roaming.

There is room for "documentaries" of every type in the television service, but sooner or later the management will have to decide whether the integrity of the *true* documentary is worth preserving, whether the open deception practised in the pseudo- or quasi-documentaries will not queer the pitch of writers, researchers and producers whose message can only be put across when the viewer has complete faith in the medium.

Film and direct studio presentation can now be mixed so cleverly, so smoothly, that they appear to be a continuous entity, in one plane. The apparatus and tricks of synthesis are not obvious—except perhaps to those with experience of production—and the viewers accept the mélange at its face value, as another manifestation of the miracle of TV. But only for a time. A moment comes when even the most credulous of viewers is startled into protest by (say) the simultaneous appearance of the star performer in Paris and London, by dramatic but disturbing inconsistencies of weather, light, sound or "atmosphere." If all is above board no harm is done. If the viewer is told that this is a dramatic reconstruction or an obvious stunt (in the manner of Ed Murrow's celebrated



Albert Landier—TONY BRITTON The Prince—BRUNO BARNABÉ
The Princess—GABY SYLVIA

"Person to Person" programmes), then twelve million viewers will be delighted by the clever techniques employed. If, however, there is any attempt to mislead or deceive, the viewer feels challenged to match his wits against the experts, and the programme becomes merely a game of the "What's wrong with this picture?" type.

The danger is, of course, that this "parlour game" viewing will become a habit and that serious items (Carly Doncaster's "Those Who Dare" was first-rate) will suffer because of it. The B.B.C. must not allow the tricks of TV production to undermine its honest reputation.

Later, when pressure of space is less exacting, I hope to return to this subject with chapter and verse illustrations; meanwhile, let me refer viewers to the "London Town" programme about Mayfair, in which a well-known actress was "planted" in an equally well-known shop and in which Richard Dimbleby's

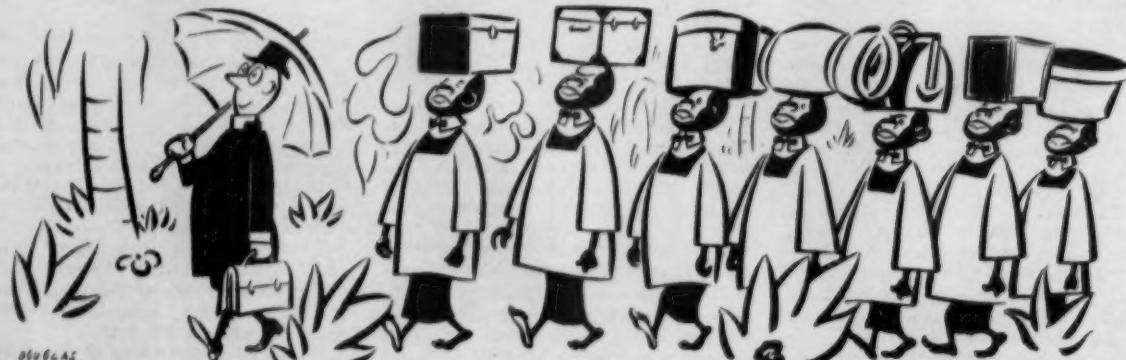
narrative was delivered in part before handsomely contrived but totally unnecessary "studio reconstructions."

Alfred Savoir's play *It Could Happen Only In Paris* turned out to be a queer confection hardly worthy of the competent cast, the fine settings of Jean-Jacques Gambut and Richard Greenough and the enlightened production of Claude Barma. The English version of this fairy tale farce was neat enough, but one looked and listened in vain for expected touches of Gallic innuendo, humour and cynicism. There was no change of tempo throughout the piece: it ran on and on from one trifling mock-heroic incident to the next, reached no kind of dénouement, and never did more than faintly amuse as

an over-elaborate demonstration of quixotism.

The story is about a young bit-player who falls hopelessly in love with a princess and pursues her in a number of theatrical costumes and matching moods. The princess falls for the costume and the mood, but not, alas, for the man himself. Tony Britton and Gaby Sylvia played admirably in the chief rôles, and there were good performances too from Brenda Hogan, Bruno Barnabe and Basil Bartlett.

The pattern of Sunday viewing has been vastly improved by the introduction of a short documentary and the musical celebrity spot. Only the insistent parlour game mars the evening's entertainment and that, thank goodness, appears early enough to compete with supper. Irmgard Seefried's *Lieder* singing was pure delight, and the only false note in a straightforward Dutch film on Amsterdam was the appearance from time to time of a character made up to resemble Rembrandt. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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SAUCE When the fish is cooked, drain the liquid into a saucepan and reduce by boiling till there is very

little left. While it is hot, stir in the butter and cream smoothly. Keep warm but not boiling. Put the fish in a dish, pour sauce over it, and glaze under grill till the sauce turns brown.

GARNISH Cut 6 tomatoes in half. Remove pips, then cook in oven till tender but not too soft. Place them round glazed turbot. Cut 2 onions in rings. Dip them in a little milk, then flour them, and fry in hot fat till brown. On serving, put rings of onion in tomatoes round fish. Serve hot.

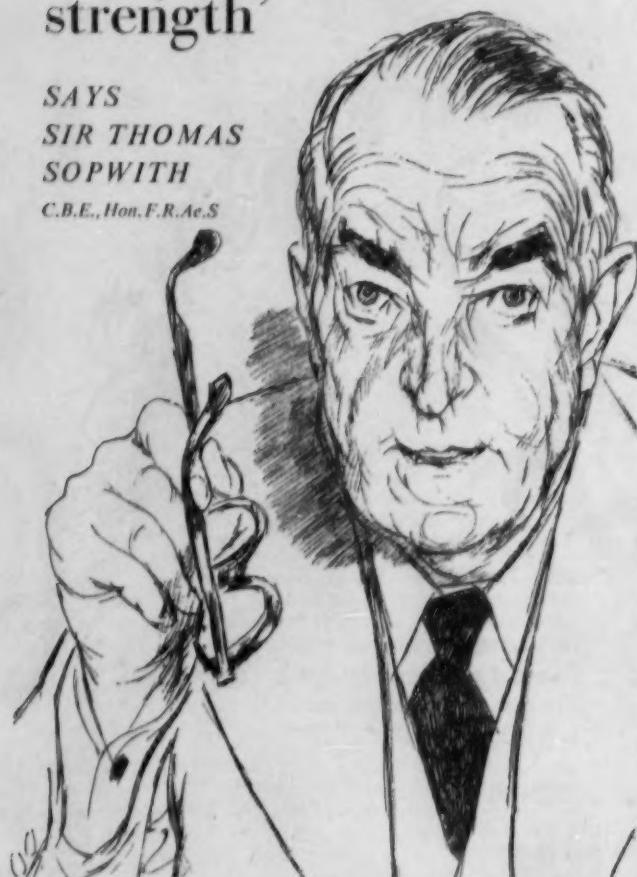
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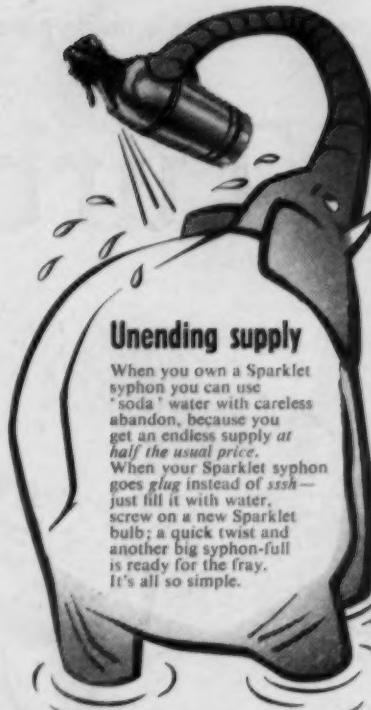
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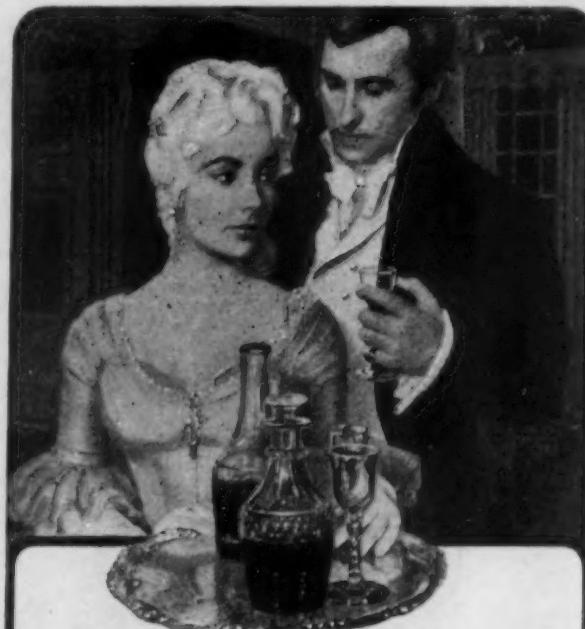
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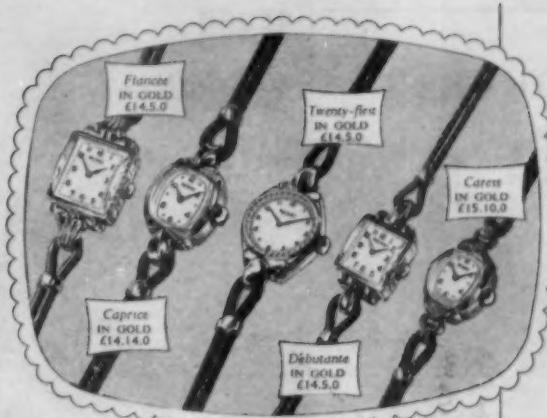
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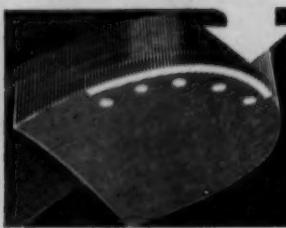
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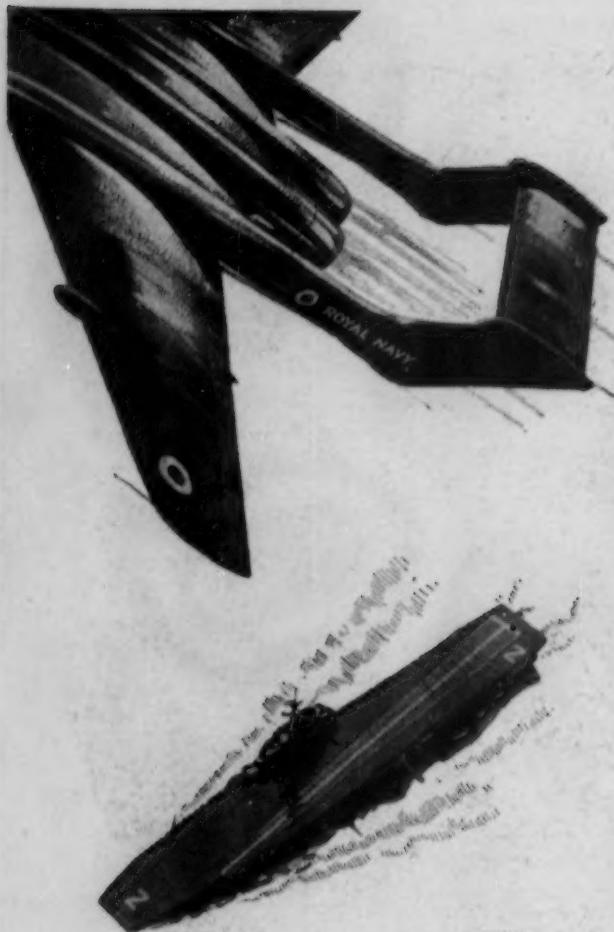
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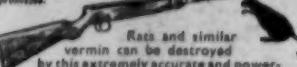


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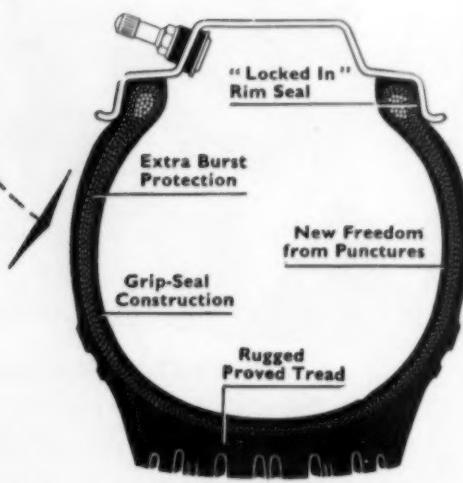
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